

Common Ground

Breaking the Vicious Circle

J. Milton Yinger

MINNEAPOLIS: THE CURIOUS TWIN

Carey McWilliams

WHAT WE WANT IS ACTION Elis M. Tipton

JIN-NEE Milla Z. Logan

THE ORIGINAL AMERICAN BLUEPRINT

FOR PEACE Mabel Powers

EXPERIENCES IN BLACK AND WHITE

Ruby E. Stutts Lyells

PAPA ANDREYSHEVSKI Irene M. Durfos

RESTRICTED HOUSING—RESTRICTED DEMOCRACY

Elmer R. Smith

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COMMON COUNCIL FOR AMERICAN UNITY

20 West 40 Street, New York 18

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COMMON GROUND. Published quarterly by Common Council for American Unity. \$2.00 a year; 50 cents a copy. Copyright 1946, by Common Council for American Unity, Incorporated. Printed at the Princeton University Press. Editorial and publication office, 20 West 40th Street, New York 18, New York. Manuscripts must be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes. Entered as second-class matter September 15, 1940, at the post office at New York, New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

COMMON GROUND is published by the COMMON COUNCIL FOR AMERICAN UNITY,
Willkie Memorial Building, 20 West 40th Street, New York 18, N.Y.

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BREAKING THE VICIOUS CIRCLE

J. MILTON YINGER

IT IS a commonplace statement today that race conflicts and tensions are the number-one problem of American democracy. The war against an ideology with racism at its core has focused the issue sharply, but it has not produced a thorough-going attempt to fight racism at home. Any such attempt must be grounded on the widest possible knowledge of the processes of social change and social conflict. Gradually that knowledge has been built up. As social scientists have shaken off their inferiority complex, they have found that it does not destroy their scientific perspective to try to make a contribution to such social problems as race conflict. The person who starts with a conviction of the value of science and also with a strong moral stand will be the more anxious to preserve his scientific objectivity, because he knows that in that way only can his moral interest best be served.

On this basis, social science is building up a fund of knowledge which can be of great value in solving race problems. These problems have not only defied our national ideology but have persistently defied all but the most skillful attempts to deal with them. For this reason, most writing on the subject of race relations is deeply pessimistic. The frequency with

which democracy is denied is so discouraging to those of us who are concerned with the problem that we sometimes fail to see that there are areas of genuine advance, both in knowledge and in action. Gradually we have come to understand the roots of race prejudice, and this is the first step toward effective action. We know that prejudice is not inborn and that it does not result from an accurate evaluation of an innate inequality among races. Prejudice rests upon powerful social, psychological, and economic causes. If we do not understand these causes, we cannot hope to deal with their effects.

Ignorance is an obvious cause of race prejudice—ignorance of the biological unimportance of racial divisions, of comparative opportunities among the races, of the function which prejudice serves. What needs to be understood about ignorance in this field is that it is not simply lack of knowledge: much of it is a learned ignorance, a part of the common thought of our culture, given to the great majority as part of their intellectual and emotional equipment. It is far easier to overcome an unlearned ignorance—the simple lack of knowledge—than it is to overcome a learned ignorance, for in the latter case habits of thought, widespread cultural controls and expectancies block

the entrance of new information and new attitudes.

An important cause of race prejudice on the socio-psychological level is the need for a feeling of security and importance that is so characteristic of all people. If this cannot be satisfied by individual success and security, by the absence of chronic frustration in the individual's experience, what better vicarious satisfaction could be desired than the conviction of categorical superiority to thirteen million others? Our society, with its great emphasis on the competitive-success pattern, fosters this categorical race prejudice in the millions who are constantly frustrated and denied the success which our ideology encourages them to believe they can attain.

The economic causes of race prejudice are well-known. They are perhaps too frequently given an exaggerated importance, yet no one can deny their power. The Californian interested in acquiring land or improving his business position finds prejudice against the Japanese Americans a very powerful weapon on his side. Those who profit most from the economy of the South have found prejudice against the Negro a key factor in their dominance. Some trade unions find prejudice ready at hand to help them protect their job opportunities. Once again, our culture, with its unemployment and insecurity, with its emphasis on competition and individual success, and yet with its factual limitations on success for the great many, gives nourishment to this economic cause of race prejudice. Economic motives are seldom explicitly recognized, of course, behind the facade of rationalization. The American tradition does not allow the open recognition of inequality as a legitimate economic weapon. The average individual shares this tradition to a large degree and consequently must rationalize his actions on

some other grounds. Most Americans are quite heavily saturated, on the speech reaction level, with democratic and Christian ideals, which can be reconciled with their factual contradiction in race relations only by the comfortable conviction of the colored man's inevitable inferiority. This contradiction is an important cause of the tenacity and the emotional strength of race prejudice, which thus serves an important personality function. Without this rationalization, most Americans would have to give up either their traditions of equality and democracy or an important economic and prestige advantage.

R. H. Tawney, in his well-known book, *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*, pointed out the ease with which the wealthy classes took to the idea of predestination: They were naturally disposed, he said, to regard the poor as damned in the next world, because that was a fine justification for making their life a hell in this world. In the same way it is easy for the white man to believe in the Negro's "predestined" inferiority, because it justifies the actual inferiority that is imposed upon him. We all have a will to believe those things which make our old categories fit snugly and seem reasonable.

All of these causes, and the many others that are doubtless involved, are mutually reenforcing. They become, as Gunnar Myrdal has shown in *An American Dilemma*, part of a vicious circle which, once set in motion, produces a downward spiral: By limiting the opportunity of a minority group, by segregating it, by putting it at every competitive disadvantage, the prejudice attitude helps to create the very inferiority by which it is justified. Start out by saying that the colored man is inferior; use this as a justification for giving him poor schools, poor jobs, poor opportunities for advance-

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ment; and one soon proves himself correct by creating and enforcing that inferiority. Thus the factual basis for the prejudice attitude is continually built up.

The idea of the vicious circle is a principle that can be used in helping to interpret many other situations besides the relations of races. A great group of white people are also kept down by operation of a vicious circle. Myrdal points out, moreover, that if an initial push can be devised, the spiral can be set in an upward direction, for improvement in one segment of the circle will lay the basis for improvement in other segments. The great question in race relations is, of course, how can that initial push upward be set in motion? How change the colored man's status without changing the attitude of the white man which is an important cause in creating that status; and how change the attitude of the white man without changing the status of the Negro which is the justification for the white man's attitude?

The answer to this question must be made on several levels. It is clear, for example, that if ignorance, the need for security and a feeling of importance, and economic conflict are among the important causes of race prejudice, then any serious attempt to improve the relations among races must attack these causes. The race problem thus becomes an integral part of the whole problem of our society. It seems likely that tensions and prejudice will continue as long as there is gross ignorance about even the standard zoological facts of race and so long as insecurity, unemployment, and economic distress are chronic. On this level, the person interested in overcoming race tensions will concentrate on the development of a society in which contemporarily significant education is widespread, personality security is the rule rather than

the exception, and employment is practically universal. This is a tremendous order. It is, in fact, the major problem of our civilization, of which the race problem is simply one manifestation.

On another level, the question becomes: What should be the strategy of persons starting from the democratic moral premise? American liberals are often naive about the problem of power and insufficiently aware of the rigidity of the vicious circle. It is well known that there are two very distinct approaches to the problem of discrimination and inequality. One group, following Booker T. Washington, says: Do not attack discrimination directly, for it will only crystallize the opposition. Self-improvement and patience are the keys to advance. Another group says: To compromise is to accept the unjust situation. One must fight for his rights, work for law enforcement, and demand more democratic laws. This dichotomy in strategy is characteristic of many minority groups who are seeking to improve their position. One can read the struggle between these two methods, for example, throughout the history of the labor movement. It is perhaps significant that Samuel Gompers and Booker T. Washington were contemporaries. The study of religious groups is also made more meaningful when one realizes the difference in tactics between the church, with its accommodations to the secular society, and the uncompromising sect.

With such data before us, the question becomes: Can the social scientist tell us which strategy is better, or what combination of strategies, or under what circumstances does the one achieve the greatest possible results, and under what different circumstances is the other more effective?

The history of religious groups is a rich source of information on this question. From the point of view of achieving maximum social power, religious groups

have frequently inclined toward one of two opposite errors. Either they have compromised their principles to the point where they made almost no challenges to the injustices of the society in which they worked (e.g., in Czarist Russia), or they have refused any compromise with existing contradictions of their ethics, with the result that they were cut off from any influence over the great body of people who to some degree participated in these injustices. The dilemma that religious groups face in this connection is focused most sharply in time of war. For churchmen to deny the moral legitimacy of war because killing contradicts the ethics of their religion is to cut themselves off from any influence over the great majority who are giving the war sacrificial support. And yet to accept war as a moral end, deserving of the support of the church, is to demand a great compromise of the pure ethic. The wisest strategists among the churchmen have been those who have given war *qualified* support, thus earning the right to speak to all those who are participating in it in one way or another, and yet allowing the churchmen to insist that the support of religion was truly a qualified support, demanding that war, unjust though it is, be made an instrument of relative justice. This is not thorough-going compromise, and it is not withdrawal from an evil society.

From this point of view of achieving maximum power to accomplish the desired ends, such strategy seems to be equally effective in situations of racial injustice. One can only wish that men of goodwill could, by concerted action, bring about quickly the equality of treatment for which they stand. But the movement toward greater democracy will not be carried on in a vacuum. To make unqualified demands for the complete and immediate end of discrimination in the

face of deep-seated attitudes of prejudice is only to help solidify the resentment and opposition of those who oppose those demands. But to use this fact as an excuse for excessive compromise and a do-nothing program is to give up the pursuit of the desired end altogether. It is the skilled person indeed who can compromise all that is strategically necessary *but only so much as is necessary*. Usually a choice of one or the other of the extreme alternatives is made, not out of a careful evaluation of strategic needs, but because of individual temperament, personal experiences, and the chances of the moment. Social power requires the skilled use of both strategies.

One other principle should be mentioned. The most effective mixture of compromise and challenge varies with the situation. When the opposition is overwhelming, when race hatreds are deep-seated and buttressed by law as well as the folkways, when even the enlightened people in a community have taken only a few small steps—under these circumstances, to be uncompromising is to be defeated (as, on the other hand, to be *only* compromising is to be defeated). There are situations, however, in which many injustices to minority groups continue more out of inertia than out of conviction. In some northern cities, segregation in theaters and restaurants and housing continues because no one has dealt it a swift, uncompromising blow. Under such circumstances continued compromise is a betrayal of the desired goal.

A situation in which undemocratic race relations can thus be changed can be brought about only by a successful breaching of the vicious circle. It is not enough simply to desire change, to profess democratic intentions. Effective action demands the most thorough-going and sophisticated knowledge of the process

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of social change. Too often we are naive about the problem of power and the nature of successful strategy. We are too timid at one time, too unmindful of the great tenacity of prejudice at another time. Now we condemn strategic compromise; then we go completely to sleep in the presence of great discrimination—the worst of all compromises.

Fortunately, that is not the complete picture. There are experiments in the country which, on a small scale, are successfully destroying the causes of race conflict at the same time that they are changing the attitudes which reenforce those causes. During the summer of 1944 I was connected with a work project sponsored in Indianapolis by the American Friends Service Committee. It brought together twenty-five college students who were concerned with understanding race conflict and finding some democratic solution for it. In the work project, they earned the right to the community's attention by working eight hours a day throughout the summer, without pay, to help landscape the grounds of Flanner House, a Negro social service agency. The work contribution itself was not the important thing: most of the students were girls with very few manual skills. But the project did make an effective attack on ignorance in race problems and at the same time assisted a program which is destroying, in one community, the factual basis upon which race prejudice continues to thrive.

There are many ways in which the Friends' interracial work camps make an attack on ignorance. Perhaps the deepest impression is made on the campers themselves, who, by working in the heart of a Negro area, with daily contacts with professional colored leaders, sharing the problems of the average resident of the area, come to have an understanding of

life of the Negro which is almost inaccessible to most white people. Many of the students had very little understanding of the nature of the life of manual workers, white or colored. It did not take them long to get an understanding, however. One college girl found the physical labor, which is the heart of the work camp idea, a very new and painful experience. The first day she was helping to level top soil around Flanner House, preparatory to planting grass. After just one hour in the hot sun, she leaned heavily on her shovel and exclaimed, "Those WPA jokes aren't funny any more!" She would never again be as ignorant of the life of millions of workers.

The scope of the attack on ignorance, however, is far broader than the camp. A high proportion of the residents of the colored community (in this case forty thousand persons) became aware of the experiment when they saw white girls doing hard manual labor in the heart of the Negro district. Attitudes of suspicion turned to co-operation when the residents became acquainted with the spirit and purpose of the project. One aged citizen of the neighborhood was greatly puzzled when he saw a white girl planting trees in front of Flanner House. Several times, over a period of days, he walked past the work, too reticent to inquire, but too amazed to forget. Finally he went to the office of the director, Cleo Blackburn, and asked, "Does that white girl live near here?"

"No, she lives in Massachusetts."

The man shook his head in amazement. "Are you paying her to plant those trees?"

"No, she just thinks our place will look better with a few trees."

"Then," said the old gentleman, "she's planting those trees for me."

A barrier of misunderstanding is removed by such a conclusion.

Perhaps the most important educa-

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tional influence of all is the impact which the work project has had on the white residents of the city. A large majority who saw the work in progress or who heard about the camp were no more than curious about it; but there were many who for the first time had their attention drawn, by this strange spectacle (e.g., white girls laying a brick retaining wall around a Negro agency), to the urgency of the race problem, to the sincerity with which some persons are attempting to meet it, and to the quality of the Negro leadership in their own city. There has been increased support for the agency, a greater willingness to work with it in problems of employment and housing, and a heightened sense of responsibility throughout the city.

While attitudes have thus been changed, the Friends' camp, and especially Flanner House with which the camp is connected, have made powerful attacks on the factual basis upon which prejudiced attitudes rest. This two-fold attack is helping, on this narrow stage, to break the vicious circle and set an upward spiral in motion. Cleo Blackburn, the director, is a skilled strategist, in the sense described above. He knows that shiftlessness, lack of skills, dependence—traits that characterize any impoverished group—are widespread in the Negro community. They furnish the "justification" for the white man's prejudice. Flanner House therefore tries to destroy

that justification. It sponsors a co-operative self-help program in gardening, canning, furniture repair, home economics, and home building which attempts to improve the quality of living for its colored constituents, to increase their skills and self-disciplines, to place them, under guidance, in jobs for which they have been trained. Meanwhile, its effective work is changing some of the attitudes of both Negroes and whites in the city. These changes in attitudes will continually make the work more possible and more effective.

This approach to race problems rests upon a thorough understanding of the nature of the process of social change. It smashes the vicious circle. But it is taking place on a narrow stage. That stage must be widened and the techniques improved if democracy in America is going to prosper. Having fought a war against nazism, we cannot harbor a division in our national life which is based on racism—a principle which is nazi to the core.

J. Milton Yinger is associate professor of sociology at Ohio Wesleyan University. In the summer of 1944 he and his wife, Winnie McHenry Yinger, were the directors of the work camp project of the American Friends Service Committee in connection with Flanner House, Indianapolis, mentioned in his article. His study, *Religion in the Struggle for Power*, was recently published by the Duke University Press.

JIN-NEE

MILLA Z. LOGAN

IN Jimmy Kip's job it was natural for him to know everyone who worked in Gat Wung's dress factory in Chinatown. It was part of his job routine, like oiling the sewing machines and tightening the belts, to know each operator, cutter, and presser by name and face.

But it was the gentleness of Jimmy Kip that opened the hearts of Gat Wung's people to him.

Jimmy Kip was the factory machinist when he wasn't busy in the shipping room. A hundred times a day he scurried to the sing-song calls for help from the operators. "Jimmy Kip, this thread is too tight." "Jimmy Kip, come look at this shaft." He knew the quirks of these machines that ran sideways, instead of backwards and forwards like the machines in "white" factories. In the dress-goods industry in San Francisco it was told (so Jimmy Kip had heard) that a sewing-machine company had once made a mistake and turned out a batch of machines that ran sideways instead of forwards and backwards. When the company saw its mistake, it did as others with defective goods on their hands—unloaded the machines on Chinatown. Ever since, the story went, the Chinese operators would sew on no machines except those that ran sideways.

Up to a few months ago, Jimmy Kip would never have questioned Gat Wung's reasons for buying these machines that were different from those in "white" factories. Whatever Gat Wung had done was always for the happiness and comfort

of his workers. Gat Wung was the only Chinese dress manufacturer in Chinatown. It was a credit to the "face" of Gat Wung and to the "face" of his workers that his factory was the only modern one in all Chinatown. Others worked for Chinese contractors in close, ill-lighted quarters behind stores and in basements. The wide windows of Gat Wung's factory looked on a Chinatown hillside street, on shrimps drying in the sun, on bean sprouts, cabbages, peapods, chestnuts, and pine-nuts spread out for sale.

In Gat Wung's factory an operator made \$13.33 a week. In the make-shift shops of those who worked under contractors, an operator made only \$7 a week, \$8 at the most.

But now things were different in Gat Wung's factory. As Jimmy Kip scuttled from machine to machine, he saw that the thing Gat Wung had done to his people had taken the heart out of them.

Fewer machines whirled in the factory now. Jimmy Kip looked over the long tables and saw many empty places. This day he could count only ten operators. There were two fat old ladies, from the generation of those with bound feet, with thinning hair pulled tightly away from their temples. There was a sprinkling of young girls, their unnaturally frizzed black heads bobbing from slender necks over their machines. At the end of a table Jimmy Kip saw Daisy Gee, a mother of small sons, whose four sisters usually worked beside her.

This is how it had been ever since Gat

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Wung had taken to the ways of the "white" factory owners. Much of his work he now sent to contractors in basements and back rooms. In the Gat Wung factory there was no longer enough work for the many hands that had once busily cut, stitched, and pressed. Not once, in these two months, had there been a full week's work for anyone. Where once a worker had earned \$13.33 a week, he now drew only \$7, like the unlucky ones in the basements.

Gat Wung's people gave up half their earnings with regret, but it was a regret for something that had been too good to last. Seven dollars was little more than half of \$13.33, but it was more than ten times what a person earned in the rice fields and on the water fronts of Canton. Seven dollars a week was not \$13.33, but it was a dollar a day, and it still could put tea, rice, and soup into many mouths.

All this could be borne until the day the Generalissimo made the great speech that told of China's exhausted patience with the Japanese invaders. Throughout Chinatown men stood before newspaper offices and read the long columns of characters that spelled out the Generalissimo's declaration of war.

In the Gat Wung factory Jimmy Kip ran between the machines and held conferences with the operators. In the shipping room men spoke only of one thing—money for the homeland: how to squeeze out a few extra half dollars each week to throw into Chinatown's war chest.

Gat Wung was a rich man. Jimmy Kip had heard of his great home on a lake far from the poor buildings of Chinatown. Gat Wung owned large stores where garments from the Chinatown factory, pink silk underwear, stockings, and table cloths were piled high on bargain counters.

Jimmy Kip had seen Gat Wung only a few times: in his limousine driving through Chinatown with his kinsmen; at

the heavy banquets he gave for his workers once a year. Gat Wung suffered for China. He gave big sums to the needy. He would understand how his people in the factory must do their duty too.

Jimmy Kip ran back and forth between the operators and the cutters, between the pressers and the shippers, and they made a plan. They would write to Gat Wung and ask him to keep all the work in the shop; to restore their \$13.33 a week.

"He will do this for the rice bowls of our people in the war lands," Jimmy Kip said when they talked it over.

The older heads agreed. "He is not a man to break another man's rice bowl," they said.

When the weeks passed and there was no answer from Gat Wung, Jimmy Kip could think of no words of hope to spread through the shop. The great pride he had once had in Gat Wung's benevolence turned to shame. When he passed his wife's brother, who was foreman in the factory, Jimmy Kip lowered his eyes because there was no longer respect in them.

The Chinese were losing ground at Shanghai; millions were starving, drifting from one rubble heap to another. Still there was no word from Gat Wung. Daisy Gee looked Jimmy Kip squarely in the eye when he stopped by to oil her machine. "Is there nothing we can do?" she asked.

Jimmy Kip and a few others had known for some time that there was only one thing left to do, but he had shrunk from it. He knew now that it must be done.

At five o'clock he took off his black-and-white striped denim apron, brushed the lint off his trousers, and put on his coat and cap. Outside he bent his slight body against the winds from the Bay and walked briskly beyond the boundaries of Chinatown into the city's main business district.

Downtown in the headquarters of the International Ladies Garment Workers' Union, the usual five o'clock rush was in full swing. Members trooped up the unpainted wooden stairs and spread out through the club rooms for shop stewards' meetings and executive board sessions. Dues-payers lined up before the windows of glass cubicles. Others drifted from one bulletin board to another read-



ing messages in English, Spanish, and Italian.

Jennie Matyas, the International Organizer of the ILGWU was in the kitchen fixing coffee and sandwiches for those who were just coming off their jobs. She came to the doorway with a cup in her hand.

"Frieda! Dolores!" she called to two girls passing in the hall. "Come get your coffee."

She was a small, round-faced woman with high Slavic cheek bones. Around five o'clock every night she seemed to turn all her energies into hovering over the comforts of her membership. She might have had a heavy day negotiating contracts, addressing university groups, preparing papers on labor relations, but at five o'clock she seemed to have no more on her mind than to put out a good homecoming for the members. The local newspapers frequently referred to Jennie as the "sweat-shop girl who made Phi Beta Kappa." "I'm still a good dress-maker," she would say, holding out her hands, when this build-up embarrassed her.

Jennie was putting on a third pot of coffee when the secretary of the Joint Board came into the kitchen.

"Not now," he said, brushing aside the cup she offered him. "Somebody wants you in the office. A Chinese boy. He asked for Jennie."

Jimmy Kip was standing with his cap in his hand when Jennie crossed the hall to her office, with a coffee cup and a sandwich.

"Would you like coffee?" she said, offering him the cup.

Jimmy Kip shifted uneasily. He had been born in this country and he could think in English, but the sounds when they came out slurred together, Chinese fashion. He picked his words carefully. "Have trouble with wages. Boss, he make big pay cut. Write him letter. Today, yesterday, day before, no answer come." He shook his head. "What can do?" He shrugged. "Maybe make union."

Jennie hesitated. This was not the first time she had thought about "maybe make union in Chinatown." She thought of a scene, many scenes, in a Chinese Amer-

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ican social-service worker's office. An intelligent young man, he had eyed her earnestly through horn-rimmed glasses and pounded on the table and said, "I tell you, Jennie, it can't be done."

"In the first place"—he held up an admonishing finger—"Chinese are conservative. Who can tell about a union? Suppose it fails? They lose face. Their children lose face." He swung around in his chair and considered how tactfully to express what he had to say next.

"I tell you, Jennie," he said finally, "I trust your union. Many Chinese trust your union. But Chinese in the factories will not trust you. They will not believe you are making a union for their good. They will think you are bringing their wages up to the wages of white workers so you can eliminate them as cheap competition. They will not believe white employers will hire them for the same money as white workers. No, Jennie, it's no go."

But now Jimmy Kip had come to her wanting a union—"maybe."

Jennie looked at the patient set of Jimmy Kip's shoulders. She decided to take a chance. "OK," she said. "We will help you make a union."

It occurred to Jennie that this would be the first ILC local of Chinese and Chinese Americans in the United States. "If you make a union in Chinatown, it will be the first Chinese local in the country," she told Jimmy Kip. "We will write back east to New York and they will send you a charter for your local."

Jimmy Kip was not impressed. It was bad enough that he had been driven to seek outside help in what should have been a private affair between Gat Wung and his people. It was like going to a police court to settle family troubles. Jimmy Kip did not expect scrolls or honors for this act.

"Maybe Gat Wung, he send letter

pretty soon," he said. "We sit tight few more days."

"OK. Sit tight. When you get ready, you bring twenty, thirty people here and we will have a meeting."

Jimmy Kip laughed politely. "You bet. I come back. Maybe I bring plenty more." He got up reluctantly, as if he would like to stay longer. He shook his head apologetically. "Our people in China very poor now," he explained. "We got to help them."

Jennie patted him on the back. "We will help," she said. "When you come back."

Jimmy Kip jammed his cap on and grinned. "You are nice lady," he said. "I see you by'm by."

Three weeks after Jimmy Kip's visit he came back with two other men from the factory. "This Willie Sun and Charlie Wah," he said and then spoke a few words of Chinese to his companions.

They looked at Jennie solemnly and nodded in approval.

"I tell them who you are," Jimmy Kip said. "They are ready now to make union. They say you come to Chinatown and make union."

Jennie looked speculatively at the three men in her office. "How many people want a union?" she asked.

"Maybe ten, twenty, few more. You come talk, tomorrow, next day, more days; talk to silk worms. People who turn one way, other way," he explained.

Charlie Wah tugged at Jimmy Kip's sleeve and said a few words in Chinese.

"He say," Jimmy Kip translated, "is hard thing to make union in Chinatown. People say why we want make trouble. People in Chinatown criticize us."

Charlie Wah and Willie Sun nodded heavily. They spoke again to Jimmy Kip in Chinese.

"They say union can be. But go slow. Talk plenty times to people. You come to Chinatown."

Charlie Wah said something in Chinese to Jimmy Kip. "He say come to his house tomorrow night. He invite four, five people. You talk—tell about union. Next night you come again. House of somebody else. You talk, we talk. Little by little we make union."

"Tomorrow night," Jennie said, rising, "I will come to Chinatown. And the next night, and the next and the next. . . ."

Jennie spent most of her evenings in Chinatown for the next month. Drinking tea. Talking to people who said little, who gave no argument. They came and they went, smiling and bowing politely.

At the end of the month, Jimmy Kip came back to her office one night with Willie Sun and Charlie Wah.

Jimmy Kip greeted her solemnly, almost ceremoniously. "Is time now for meeting," he said, as if he were making an official pronouncement. "Forty, maybe fifty people"—he waved his hand toward Chinatown—"come to meeting now."

Willie Sun and Charlie Wah nodded, putting a seal of approval on his statement.

Jennie flipped the pages on her calendar. "Day after tomorrow night," she suggested. "Eight o'clock."

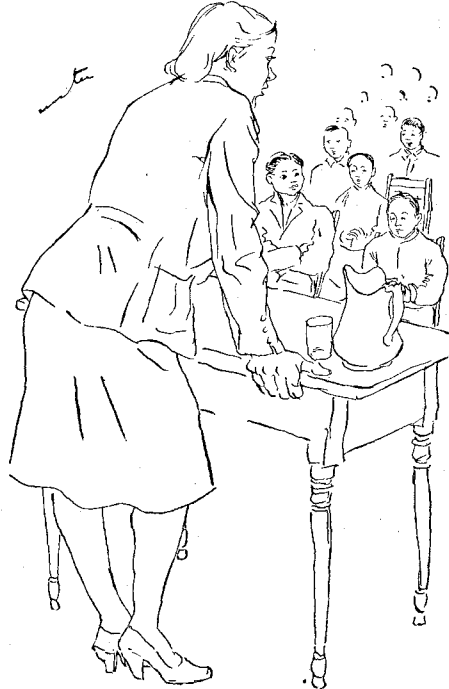
Jimmy Kip spoke in Chinese to the other two. They discussed the matter.

"They say that night is night of dinner in the house of Charlie Wah's cousin. Maybe if meeting is over ten, eleven o'clock, they can go."

"The meeting will be over by ten if everybody comes at eight," said Jennie firmly. She remembered hearing that Chinese were supposed to think of time as a comfortable eternity.

"Eight o'clock," Jimmy Kip said, his hand on his heart.

The workers of Gat Wung seemed to have gathered in a body to attend the meeting. Promptly at eight some forty or fifty people led by Jimmy Kip slipped up the stairs and took their seats in one of the meeting rooms. They bowed and smiled to Jennie. Those who couldn't



speak English made up for it by putting extra zeal into their bows.

Jimmy Kip introduced a scholarly looking young man who would act as translator. Then he opened the meeting.

When Jennie took the platform, there was a slight shuffle of applause and then tense attention. The only time she had ever before seen a Chinese American audience was in the Chinatown theater, where there was much promenading in the aisles and noisy audience participation, but very little attention to the stage. These people looked at her with polite interest, but it was hard to tell how deep it was.

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The kind of speech Jennie had to make tonight came as naturally to her as repeating the "pledge allegiance to my flag." It was colored with the militance of her own childhood experiences in the New York sweat shops; it had the calm strength of the feeling for social justice that immigrant garment workers had brought from oppressed countries. Tonight, she wanted more than ever in her life to strike home with it.

She looked down into the faces in the audience. She could easily spot the ones who wouldn't understand a word of English. Three old ladies with once-bound feet; some of the younger women with the look of the old country on their long Chinese gowns. She picked out faces in the audience to whom she could speak: a tall serious girl who was taking notes, the thoughtful looking man next to her, a group in front with their arms folded solemnly across their chests.

Jennie had made this speech to cheering, stamping audiences of 10,000. Tonight, speaking to this handful, half of whom couldn't understand her words, she felt more stimulated than in the presence of crowds. She stopped at intervals to let the translator repeat her remarks in Chinese. She went on, reached the climax, then waited. She listened to the translator drone out the most impassioned passages of her speech in unintelligible syllables. Once in a while she heard him say "I.L.G." It was like a radio commercial in a foreign language with the name of the advertised soap jumping out unexpectedly.

Whether they understood her or not, the audience seemed to like her performance. They smiled and nodded appreciatively.

When the speech was over, Jimmy Kip took the platform and called for the election of officers. Jimmy Kip was elected president and the tall serious girl who

was taking notes was made secretary. When the meeting was over, even the old ladies crowded around Jennie and bowed to her many times.

Jimmy Kip came to see Jennie almost every day now. There was much business to discuss. The workers in Gat Wung's factory had called a strike. Their feelings were heavy when they took this step, but there was nothing else they could do. They had taken many things in patience.

When Gat Wung heard that his people had made a union, he was very polite. The men who spoke for him were not angry. They said, "We will see. Let us talk things over."

They talked things over for many weeks, politely, without saying anything. Meanwhile there were many indignities. Their beloved Jimmy Kip was put into a lower job.

"Wait, wait," Jimmy Kip and other calm heads said. "Give them time. It is the Christmas rush. We must be patient."

And then, suddenly, one day it was announced that Gat Wung was a very busy man and could no longer look after his factory in Chinatown. He had sold it to Harry Quong, his foreman.

"He has not sold it," Jimmy Kip and the others said scornfully to Jennie. "He is just making Harry Quong his face."

Now the people of Gat Wung who were supposed to be the people of Harry Quong were on strike.

At first Jennie was dubious about them as strikers. There were Gat Wung's downtown stores to be picketed as well as the factory. Pickets are like sentries; they must check in on time. A well-run strike runs on the clockwork of its picketing, and Jennie had heard much about Chinese time. She had heard the Chinese themselves joke about it. "If you say meet me ten o'clock," they laughed,

"means see you twelve o'clock Chinese time."

Jennie gave orders for those who were running the strike kitchen to report at six o'clock in the morning. "Eight o'clock Chinese time," she thought wearily.

But the first day of the strike when Jennie got to headquarters at six-thirty, aproned women were already there, brewing tea and coffee.

"Jin-nee," they greeted her and pressed hot cups of tea on her. No matter in which direction she moved, she ran into a soft curtain of self-sufficiency—a black-silk-robed Chinese lady, mincing on tiny feet, holding out a cup of hot tea, bowing and smiling, "Jin-nee."

The pickets paraded on schedule. The strike kitchen ran with the precision of a dining car. "White" and Chinese salespeople walked out of Gat Wung's stores on sympathy strikes. Meetings droned on efficiently. Strikers filed in and out of headquarters all day for assignments, bowed and smiled, "Jin-nee."

The strike went on twelve, thirteen weeks. Too long. These people are built for eternity, Jennie thought, as they glided past her, smiling and bowing, "Jin-nee."

Mary Gee came into her office with a cup of tea. "Jin-nee," she purred, "I said to my sisters last night it is not so bad for us. All we lose is our wages. But Jin-nee, for her it is bad. She worries. We are a great trouble to Jin-nee and ILC."

A strike thirteen weeks old, Jennie marveled as she sipped her tea, and Mary Gee worries for me. With "white" strikers it would be blame, not concern, for the leadership: "Why are we out so long? What is the union doing?"

In the fourteenth week of the strike Jennie spoke to Jimmy Kip. He listened to her absently as he checked pickets' schedules.

"Harry Quong will sign a contract with you," she said, covering his paper with her hand. "He will sign for \$13.33 a week, like you say."

Jimmy Kip shook his hand in her face. "Contract with Harry Quong no good," he said. "Sign contract and by'm by Gat Wung comes and takes business back. Says writing with Harry Quong no good. Gat Wung is boss here."

Jennie spoke to others and the answer was the same. "Gat Wung is still boss. We sign contract with him. Nobody else."

In the fifteenth week of the strike the union held its regular meeting. Jimmy Kip presided and made a long speech. Through the unfamiliar syllables it seemed to Jennie that "ILC" boomed out like an explosion.

Willie Sun took the floor. "Chow-chop-chop," he droned, raising his voice to a vociferous "ILC" every few words.

An old lady spoke next, in long scolding sing-song sentences rising to a climax of "ILC."

There was no way for Jennie to tell if the "ILC's" were intoned in anger or praise until people began to clap every time a speaker shouted "ILC."

Others took the floor, punctuating the monotony of their lines with "ILC," louder and louder. "ILC!" People stamped and cheered.

When the speeches were ended, the translator turned to Jennie. "They say," he reported tonelessly, "we will sign a contract with Harry Quong. Maybe it is no good. When the contract is signed, maybe Gat Wung will say, 'The business belongs to me. I have no contract with your union.' But," the translator said, looking over the beaming faces in the audience, "they say—some say—"This is the thing we must do. To see what comes next. To smoke Gat Wung out into the open. If the contract is no good, ILC

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takes care of Gat Wung. ILC makes our union for us. ILC fights for us. ILC is good to us. ILC is our union.' ”

This is the way it was voted, with some holding out but finally giving in to the majority. When the meeting broke up, the members came to the platform to speak to Jennie. “Jin-nee,” they bowed and smiled, pumping her hand.

A few weeks after the contract had been signed, the Chinese ILC local opened its own headquarters in Chinatown.

Jimmy Kip shuffled happily through the rooms, arranging chairs, admiring the ILC posters. Tonight was the night of a great party to celebrate the opening of headquarters. Jin-nee would be there and the other kind officers from the ILC downtown. Jimmy Kip looked at the strike pictures on the wall, at the fiery bulletins they had issued against the bosses, at the vicious answers they had made. There were brightly colored papers with sharp words against Gat Wung and Harry Quong.

His glance passed to a pink and lavender floral piece standing at the entrance to headquarters. Chrysanthemums, the largest and brightest he had ever seen. “Success,” a gold silk ribbon stretched across them said in English. Jimmy Kip straightened the ribbon fussily. The card

lay buried in the flowers. He pulled it out and read it again. “Best wishes from Gat Wung and Harry Quong,” it said.

Jimmy Kip tucked the card between two flowers where it would show, where Jin-nee and the officers of the ILC would see it. Tonight when they came they would see not only the flowers, but Harry Quong and Gat Wung themselves, because they had asked to have the honor of being present on this great occasion. They would be there to pay homage to the new local, just like Jin-nee and the others. It was only right, Jimmy Kip thought looking at the flowers, that in this bright hour of maybe short victory the people of Gat Wung could show the ILC that their bosses honored them. It was good for the bosses to show themselves in dignified amity. Tonight, Jimmy Kip thought pleasantly, the “face” of the ILC, the “face” of Gat Wung, and the “face” of Gat Wung’s people would shine together.

Milla Logan’s first book, Bring Along Laughter, will be published in mid-September by Random House—a collection of Serbian American stories, many of which first appeared in COMMON GROUND.

The illustrations are by Bernadine Custer.

NISEI—EARS FOR THE GOVERNMENT

STEPHEN GREENE

A GROUP of young Japanese Americans working as radio monitors for the United States government was probably the most productive single source of information on Japan during the war.

For bravery and devotion to duty, the Nisei who fought through the bitter campaigns of North Africa, Italy, and the Pacific Islands have received a measure of the recognition due them. Unpublicized to date, however, has been the contribution of those fellow Americans of Japanese ancestry who worked for the Foreign Broadcast Intelligence Service in the "enemy territory" of the Pacific Northwest and kept official Washington posted on Japan's internal affairs for four years.

FBIIS was set up under the Federal Communications Commission early in 1941 to tap the radio news broadcasts of foreign nations. Germany and England already had such services, providing their governments with up-to-the-minute information on what other nations were saying and doing. It was at the suggestion of the State Department that the United States got a monitoring outfit of its own.

Information pipelines from Europe before the war were comparatively adequate. Not so much was known about what was going on in the Far East. Therefore, three months before Pearl Harbor, FBIIS sent to Portland, Oregon, its first field unit to listen to Radio Tokyo. Three young Japanese Americans, two of them sisters, became the government's first official ears on Tokyo.

When war broke out, this small staff, soon augmented by three more translators

and a skeleton staff of editors and clerical help, worked night and day to keep Washington apprised of developments within the enemy homeland. Bent over typewriters, earphones over their heads, they took notes in English on the news as it was broadcast in Japanese. Simultaneous recordings made it possible later on to get verbatim English texts of the most important material.

It was from these youngsters that America first learned, in translations of exulting Imperial Headquarters communiques, the details of successive allied defeats at Wake, Hong Kong, Singapore, the Philippines, Java.

When, early in 1942, the Army ordered the evacuation of the 110,000 persons of Japanese descent from the block of states on the Pacific seaboard that comprised the Western Defense Command, these half dozen Nisei translators were the only ones allowed to remain at large. They had no vacations for many months. They worked twelve-hour shifts, day and night, seven days a week. Their heaviest load was from 11 p.m. to 6:30 a.m., the period covering the cream of Japan's broadcasting day. When government executives gave a series of speeches, the translators would work for fourteen or sixteen hours, struggle home for a few hours' sleep, then return to the office for another stint. A lot of speeches were being given in Tokyo those days.

As monitors, these young men and women had to have good ears and a thorough knowledge of the several grades of the Japanese language, admittedly one of

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the most difficult spoken languages today. With one exception they all had had the much-needed experience of living in Japan and knowing the background of its customs.

Satoru Sugimura, less than thirty, had earned a college degree in Japan, another in Honolulu, had worked for our embassy in Tokyo, and knew Japanese law. For his pioneer work with an FBIS unit which serviced CINCPAC on Guam, he was later recommended by FBIS to be the recipient of the rare Navy citation for distinguished civilian service.

Frank Nakayama had spent eighteen years in Japan. When he returned to America, he had to start grammar school in the first grade because of his lack of English. In six years he had been graduated from the University of Washington and had started work on his graduate thesis on the influence of Buddhism on the writings of Emerson. He was the literary expert on the FBIS team.

Another young man, Jun Okazaki, had been in business in Japan, knew something of the devious nature of Japanese economy. One Nisei girl, Kazuko Higuchi, had gone to Oberlin and Bryn Mawr, had edited an encyclopedia of art in Japan, and handled items dealing with Oriental culture. Because of their varied backgrounds, these translators were among those constantly turned to by government offices for clarification and interpretation of what was happening in the mysterious land of the enemy.

"But how can they be trusted not to falsify their translations?" was a question asked by outsiders.

In the first place these government employees were subjected to a fivefold loyalty check, undergoing scrutiny by the Civil Service Commission, Army and Navy Intelligence, the FBI, and, in the case of the later arrivals in Portland, the War Relocation Authority. Then, from the me-

chanical standpoint, as many as three translators would work on the same broadcast, voluntarily checking one another's work for accuracy.

The final and most obvious answer by those who worked alongside the Nisei—if not the most convincing to the skeptic—was to cite the quality of their work, their consistent willingness to do just a little more when more was needed despite splitting headaches and jangled nerves, the occupational ills of the monitor. In my four years' experience with FBIS, I did not meet any civilians who could top these members of the Japanese-language staff for patriotism and good citizenship in day-in, day-out service to the country.

As the United States forces took the offensive in the Pacific, the demand for news from within Japan increased. An instantaneous wire teletype system carried the translated material from Portland to the Washington office of FBIS, and thence to the State, War, and Navy departments, the Office of Strategic Services, the Office of War Information (which was the outlet for FBIS material to press and radio), and a dozen other government offices that wanted what these youngsters had to offer and wanted it quickly. Admiral Nimitz ordered a special service set up to get immediate Japanese radio reaction to his naval operations. Tops in speed was achieved when a flash announcement from Tokyo—Tojo's resignation as premier, say—would appear in bulletin form on the FBIS ticker in the Pentagon building in Washington four minutes after the Japanese announcer had first made the news public in Tokyo.

The most valuable of this information was not what Tokyo was telling its listeners overseas; it was the broadcasts addressed directly to the people of Japan: announcements of new regulations cur-

ailing homefront privileges, pleas with labor to work harder and to the Japanese housewife to buy less and save more. This material, beamed mediumwave by the Broadcasting Corporation of Japan to the people in the nation's larger cities, was simultaneously sent shortwave to Japanese satellite stations on the Asiatic mainland for local rebroadcast to Japanese listeners there. These shortwave point-to-point broadcasts provided the most meaty of the FBIS-intercepted radio intelligence.

This monitored material was put to a thousand uses. OWI, for example, was primarily interested in it for its counter-propaganda value. If it knew from other sources that a prominent Japanese puppet leader in China had been assassinated, and it learned from the FBIS monitors that Tokyo had made no mention of this to its own people, then OWI would broadcast this fact back to the Japanese, pointing out that their own government had not seen fit to release the information. The Foreign Economic Administration, whose secret reports helped the Chiefs of Staff to choose strategic bomber targets, wanted all information pointing to bottlenecks in production or exploitable weaknesses in Japanese economy. The Office of Censorship followed Tokyo broadcasts closely to discover how Tokyo got information from America when it did. If our Secretary of State made an announcement at noon, and the Japanese radio was commenting on it an hour later, Censorship would check up to see how the information reached Japan so quickly. Or perhaps Radio Tokyo, one evening, praised the heroism of a certain Colonel Masao Watanabe during a U.S. raid on Okinawa. If the Army knew that Colonel Watanabe was an officer of an infantry regiment last heard from in Manchuria, this little item, monitored by the Japanese Americans in Portland, provided the final piece in the jigsaw puzzle which

enabled intelligence officers to locate a missing enemy division.

The boys in Portland monitored the Japanese announcement in May, 1943, of the death of Admiral Yamamoto, when the Tokyo announcer broke down and wept. They monitored detailed reports of Japanese Diet proceedings in January, 1944, which pointed to transportation, industrial production, and food as Japan's greatest weaknesses at home, an early bit of useful intelligence borne out by developments in later months. From the Portland station came the first news of Japan's acceptance of the allied surrender terms.

What kind of life did these Japanese Americans live outside the office in a community fundamentally anti-Japanese? They had to undergo privations, of course. They were restricted to a zone extending six miles from the center of the city of Portland. They had to wear at all times badges provided by the Army explaining their presence. They were several times reported by jittery citizens and one was once picked up by the police.

But for the most part they lived fairly normal lives. Portland is no cosmopolitan San Francisco, but neither is it a hotbed of racial feeling like Hood River, Oregon, or some California communities. The Portlanders knew they were in a badly defended coastal area, and it made them nervous. Many who had not had friends among the Japanese Americans before the war probably agreed with General John L. DeWitt, then ranking Army man on the West Coast, when he proclaimed that "a Jap's a Jap" regardless of nationality or loyalties. The monitors were subjected to a good deal of talk about "the dirty Japs," particularly following the periodic releases of atrocity stories. None enjoyed living in Portland.

On the other hand, the monitors'

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neighbors were usually friendly once they had learned these Nisei were engaged in government work: the little Sensei (third generation youngsters) played with the neighbors' children, the housewives visited over the back fence, the men consulted one another about their gardens.

None of the monitors was involved in an "incident" of any consequence. They kept pretty much to themselves, and when noticed at all on the street they were usually taken for Chinese or Filipinos. When asked if they were of Japanese extraction they readily admitted it. One young translator got tired of being taken for what he was not and made a practice of eating at Chinese restaurants, where he was most sure to be recognized as a Nisei.

"So what if my parents came from Japan?" he would say. "I'm a good American."

In the office they were the *raison d'être* and of course knew it, but they gave an exquisite exhibition of taste and good office manners: no swank or side, nor on the other hand any attempt to placate. They worked like fiends at their jobs. They gave their blood to the Red Cross, bought quantities of government bonds. Monitor Lois Nanbara even collected used staples and was able to send a ten-pound box of them to the scrap metal drive. They were proving their patriotism at a time when part of the U.S. population would have denied them citizenship.

Countless small things were constant indications of their partisanship. It was "We sank a Japanese carrier"—or, more frequently, a "Jap" carrier. They considered the press cartoons of hissing Japanese very funny and went around the office, for a time, saying "So sorry, please" when they made a mistake. Even the rallying cry of all Nipponese radio speakers—that more planes or guns or food should be turned out "in order to set the

mind of his Imperial Majesty at ease"—lent itself to endless, and not always polite, office burlesque.

As the war progressed and U.S. troops neared Tokyo, FBIS units moved up behind them as quickly as communications facilities could be made available. For the nearer the monitors were to the stations they were listening to, the better the reception. Late in 1942, a station was set up in San Francisco to relieve Portland of most of its non-Japanese-language Asiatic coverage. Press code dispatches, intercepted in Portland, were transmitted in the original Japanese to Washington, D.C., where a crack Nisei crew translated them. A large monitoring post was set up in Kauai, in the Hawaiian Islands, and a smaller one on Guam. By the end of the war, FBIS Nisei monitors heard the Emperor announce the capitulation to his people from desolate Iwo Jima, not five hundred miles from the enemy capital.

The three who had been the nucleus of the first monitoring unit had increased to more than fifty; the small trickle of information relayed in the first days of war grew to a flood of thousands of words daily. Nisei, first used by FBIS only as translators and monitors, were later hired, on their record, as stenographers, copy-readers, editors, and analysts.

A hard-bitten FBIS division chief in Washington summed up the government attitude: "If all the men I hired could do as good work in three months as these Nisei kids did in their first three weeks, we could let half of the staff go."

A newspaper man with experience in Japan, Paris, and London, Stephen Greene was in charge of the Portland office of the FBIS from December '42 through June '44, and at various times in charge of FBIS bureaus in Denver, Guam, and (at war's end) Iwo Jima.

SO TO SPEAK

CHRISTOPHER KILMER

Now that we (God Bless America with expression of lofty but unfelt
sentiment)
have rescued the European minorities,
have driven oppression from the face of Asia
(to a certain and very limited extent),
have destroyed forever (in remote localities)
the idea of race supremacy,
have "guaranteed" the safety of foreign Jews,
have driven fearful monsters from the earth,
now let us look around.

Let us cluckingly regard the Indian
(God, no, not the American—the other one)
and see how he is mistreated;
let us weep copiously for the Arab
(and again for his tattooed women)
and say this condition should not be tolerated;
let us look at these pictures
and let us assure ourselves that these things must be rectified.

But let us not (forever let us not)
through inadvertence
through accident
through carelessness
through silliness
through wantonness
through decency—
let us never see our Negro,
let us never see our Jew.

"Ah, I thought so. I knew it was some damned radical."

Christopher Kilmer, son of Joyce Kilmer, is on the staff of Tomorrow Magazine
and contributes poetry to various periodicals.

A PIECE OF BREAD

R. R. AARONSON

*The poor is hated even of his own
neighbour:*

But the rich hath many friends.

—The Book of Proverbs

Who has bread lives happily:

And who has none, loses his friends.

—Sicilian Proverb

BREAD," my father answered. He had come to America for bread. There was no work, no bread, in his home town in Sicily. Sicilians did not hope for whole loaves; just a slice, a piece, even crumbs seemed sufficient. With a little bread "the day would pass"; with a little bread "you did not die." Sicilians felt they were not abandoned when they had bread; with it they "lived in the graces of God."

All Sicilians know that "If the year has 12 months, a Sicilian is out of work 13." They know that "The man with bad habits is dead; the man without work is totally dead." In Sicily, my father was "out of work 13 months." There was illness in his home; there was a family to be fed. All Sicilians had families. Sicily rhymes with family. Sicilians have a saying: "*Famiglia e fame!*" (Family and hunger!).

The sickly sum of fifty liras (approximately ten dollars then) was earned by my father during an entire year, this at a time when one lira a day was bare existence for a man and his family. Bare existence meant a bowl of goat's milk (bought at the door from the early morning goat-herd with his horned flock, the leading goats bell-collared), the goat's milk that

would make your face "white and red like an apple." (That milk was "virgin, without bad habits; in America, they dissolved flour and sold it for milk.") Bread and cheese for the midday meal, the bread and cheese that were so inseparable you said of two friends, two very close best friends, they were "*pane e formaggio*." In the evening, macaroni with garlic and oil.

All of Sicily lies in macaroni with garlic and oil, for it is a dish created out of poverty—plain boiled macaroni and a few cut-up cloves of garlic in oil ("fried to the color of gold, my child"). Wherever Sicilian Americans gather, the mention of macaroni with garlic and oil evokes nostalgia, and the memory of the taste of that homely dish makes their mouths . . . oil. (The rhyming triplet jingles in my mind: "What are you cooking, Ma, tonight?" "Macaroni with garlic and . . .")

To the natives of my father's home town in Sicily, the difference between living and not living rested in whether you did or did not earn your piece of bread. "How do they pass it?" you solicitously inquired of someone's financial affairs. The rare answer: "He earns a piece of bread" ("If it isn't so, may it be!" a Sicilian will exclaim on hearing good news) meant: bread heavily sprinkled with *giu-giulena* (sesame seeds), macaroni with tomato sauce and meat, artichokes, ricotta (potcheese), green olives, black olives, flour, oil, and cheese in the cupboard, purple wine, lemons, sorb-apples, almonds, prickly pears, figs. This was living.

"He cannot earn a piece of bread" ("I

A PIECE OF BREAD

am grieved, how I am grieved to hear it!") meant a crust of bread with an onion—usually a borrowed onion—or a crust of bread with a prickly pear, or a few figs, or nuts, or olives, or a crust of bread with sweet carruba—St. John's bread. For supper some strands of macaroni, without salt, or, if there was salt in the cupboard, a double dash of it. And always a carefulness not to eat all of a portion—some must be saved for tomorrow's breakfast. (Sicily, poverty!) Yet every morning Sicilians thanked God for the miracle of dawn! This obviously was not living.

When Sicilians "did not live," their "pockets did not sing"—rather their "pockets felt pain," they "lacked water, air, and bread," they "had nothing to sell, nothing to pawn," they "starved three times a day," they were "left at 23¾ hours," which meant they were left penniless. Penniless and breadless. They "didn't have a chair to sit on"; they were "so poor they lost all twenty nails"; they "could not even buy breath"; they "were left outside to the four winds"; they had "one shoe and one sock"; they "comforted themselves with a clove of garlic"; they "had troubles of all colors." Sicilians' "wings fell all at one time"—their wings and their spirits fell, living with "a rag in front and a rag in back." It was said that during the entire lives of some Sicilians they had never worn new clothes. ("When the poor man patches, he feels he has new clothes.") Even their "cupboards were dead of hunger." ("A house that lacks flour and oil lacks everything.") They "saw no light," "did not know where to steer their boats."

Poverty-stricken Sicilians said "a star followed them," the star of bad fortune. And to alleviate the pain of their privations a proverb was born: "All bad fortune does not lead to harm." Then perhaps the star of bad fortune did not "fol-

low" but rather *guided* them to a new world, to America, to blessed America.

My father had Faith that he could earn a livelihood in America; it was deep-rooted Sicilian Faith. The scarlet of Sicilian Faith is far removed from the pallid pink of plain faith. He believed in his proverbs: "If Jesus Christ closes one door, He opens another one." Jesus Christ had closed, and locked, the door against security, peace of mind, existence with a little bread. My father would face the open door of America and work and bread.

Sicilians are the least known, the most maligned people in the world, and though they are for the most part unschooled and filled with old-world superstitions, their proverbs prove them to be—as I already know them—wise ("A bad course should be traversed only once"), warm ("A kind word heals the heart; a harsh word breaks it"), and kindly ("When one has wealth, the heart commands to share it").

Wise, warm, kindly, and sensitive. Overly sensitive. Sicilian-sensitive. Sensitive about life, about love, about bread.

A Sicilian's feeling for bread, his awareness of bread is unique; incredibly broad and deep. One has only to be familiar with his idioms and expressions to realize this fact. "May I want bread!" a Sicilian will say in asserting his veracity; "May I want bread, if what I am saying is not the truth!" It is not the hard, sharp-edged command, the palliative propaganda of the Mussolini regime to the Italian people to "love bread, respect bread, honor bread" that reveals the Sicilian, but the kneeling humbleness, the appreciation of bread, as portrayed in the old Sicilian proverbs: "Who gives you bread, call him Father," and the rhyming: "Who gives you bread, kiss his hand."

Bread figures importantly in Sicilian conversation. A fine, noble, kind and generous person is extolled as "a statue of

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gold," "a conch-shell of gold," a "piece of gold," or he is said to have "the value of the sun." But the highest compliment a Sicilian can pay another is to consider him "a piece of bread"; for a person who is "a piece of bread" is raised to some ethereal plane. "Gold" is earth. "Bread" is sky. My father was, no, my father is (Sicilians never die!) "a piece of bread." My mother is "a piece of bread."

Even in the children's games bread was featured. Little girls linked hands and formed a ring; the smallest child kneeled in the center, the hub of the bright spinning wheel; and they sang: "Gira, gira, tondo. . ."

"Turn, turn, round,
A bread and a bread round.
A bunch of violets
To give to who wants it. . ."

But even they could not escape the poverty about them, and at mid-day when the church bells were ringing, they would recite the poignant quatrain:

"Noonday, ring, ring,
For the rich have food.
Noonday, do not ring,
For the poor do not have bread."

Perpetual struggle against hunger and adversity is reflected in the old saying, "Life is happiness one day and trials for one hundred days." Cruel disillusionment gave rise to the bitter adage that "happiness endured from Christmas to St. Stephen"—exactly one day. For when a Sicilian did work he was often paid only "three cents a hand"; he earned barely enough to "put in the mouth" and never enough to "put in the carusedu" (a round coin bank made of clay).

Sicilians had many opportunities to apply their maxims: "Without work, you are master of trouble." "Idleness is the source of bad habits." "Sit on your spine, and your stomach will fare badly." But some proverbs propounded a commendable precept which too often proved false,

for example, the rhyming: "The man of labor is never poor" and "Learn an art (trade) and put it aside in readiness." Neither hard labor nor an "art" could supply needed food during the "*mal anni*," the "bad years," when blight killed the wheat crops. ("Comes a bad year to me, comes a bad year to my neighbor.") During the "bad years," Sicilians in my father's town would gather at the Convent door in long queues for their ration of cooked fava beans, doled out by a cowed and sandaled brown figure. But many did not want to stand on lines; they sought no alms. They wanted to procure their own food. They were without bread, but not without pride. They preferred to trudge several miles to the country fields and gather wild greens there.

They would take along a small blade to cut the *verdura* at their roots and a large knapsack in which to carry them to their empty, waiting homes. There would be many of them bending and cutting, bending and cutting greens that were "tender as water"—spinach, asparagus, chicory, wild kale, fennel, cardoon. Sicilians said the greens they gathered did not really "grow of themselves"; the seeds were provided, were planted by the hands of God ("Where there is want, God provides"), because during the "bad years" there seemed to be an overabundance of vegetables, as if partly to compensate for the lack of wheat. It was as though God, scanning the evening sky, paused at the stars over Sicily, celestial asterisks calling attention to the plight of His children below, who, though breadless and without strength, struggled to preserve their dignity. And God saw, and He scattered His seeds in the hills and in the fields.

Along with the seeds of the wild greens, always there were the seeds of the wild flowers, the daisies, the white with yellow center daisies, for which Sicilians could find no name. Italians gave the daisy the

lovely name of "*margheritina*"; Sicilians call it simply "*fiore di Maggio*"—flower of May—christened by some long-ago soft, Sicilian spring rain. And where, where in all the world is there another saying matching in charm: "April brings the flowers but May gets all the honor and credit for it"?

Their hardships made them cherish all the more the few happy occasions, such as the month of May in my father's birthplace in Sicily; the month of the great Feast, when everybody made "debts and contra-debts" for the greatest event of the year. The bands, the fireworks, the candied almonds, the "nuts of America" (peanuts). Oh May, that was "rich in everything!"—rich in wild flowers and daisies, waiting to be gathered by the children to take to their mothers, waiting to be gathered and braided.

The cool, clean daisy braids. ("Every flower [gift] is a sign of love.") The long black shiny braids of Maria, Caterina, Lucia, with their white-braid trimmed cotton dresses. ("With obedient children, a house flowers.") The flat smoothness of the pale palm that was braided on Palm Sunday. ("Who is far from the church is far from the graces of God.") The fig "braids" of Christmas time, when all, whether of "high" estate or "low," rich and poor, made the traditional fig cakes in Christmas shapes, childhood shapes. ("Spend the Feast of Carnival with whom you want; Easter and Christmas with your own.") The heavy, purple braid of the lives, the intermarriages, of the poor people in this town; cousin to cousin, uncle to niece, cousin to cousin. A thick, tight ponderous braid, without beginning, without end. ("Better be rich with family, than rich with money.") The warm brown braid of holy bread. ("All passes and ends, but the graces of God never pass.") The bread that "was such a joy you did not need anything to accompany

it." The bread that was delicious beyond description by itself, but when hot, and oiled, and pepper-and-salted, then food fit for a . . . then "food fit for King Victor Emmanuel!"

During the hot, dry summers, the traveling tinkers came to town and this, too, was a festive occasion. Housewives would have their copper pans in readiness to be tinned; would have cracked earthenware casseroles and even cracked dishes ready to be skillfully mended with thin wires. The tinkers came with their call: "TINKER! WE TIN FRYING PANS!" and were followed by all the children in town mimicking the wonderful song-cry; the song-cry that branded itself into the minds and memories of the townspeople. They remembered it all their lives in Brooklyn, in New Orleans, in Kansas City, as well as they remembered the jinglets, the naive riddles (when they weren't bawdy) the sayings and proverbs—the proverbs that were never quotation-marked because they were inherent in a Sicilian's conversation. They remembered the tinker's cry: "*Calderaiol!*" ("Tinker!"); remembered all the merchants' cries, rich with singsong, as well as they remembered their prayers: "*Ave o Maria, piena di grazie . . .*" (Hail, oh Mary, full of grace . . .).

"*Ave o Maria, piena di grazie . . .*" was the prayer always used as a prelude when on mildly cold, rainy winter nights, the women and children gathered in a circle to tell their stories in the round, gold lamplight around the large brazier of brass, filled with glowing charcoal, while the mothers with patient fingers futilely replaced buttons on young clothes ("Children, and thought, whiten hair"); the engaged signorini with happy hands deftly crocheted lace bedspreads in the rose design, the artichoke design ("Love your man with his habits"); and the little girls learned to knit wool stockings ("The daughter in swaddling band and the dowry

in the trunk"). Outside there was a perpetual ringing of tired church bells—golden peals from the churches of San Giorgio, San Giovanni, San Giuseppe. Then—but first the prayer—would begin the telling ("Una vota . . . One time") in dialect (Sicilians said their dialect was spoken weekdays, Italian was reserved for Sunday), and the retelling of the superstitions, the legends that became golden legends, ancient reflections from old lamp-light, the legends that grew with repetition into extravagant distortions of the original.

There was the story about a small town in Sicily where everybody raised poultry and livestock. Since the animals, in the custom of the country, shared a room in their owner's home, it was not unusual for them to follow the pious people into the churches. The legend now had it that "One time" there was a small town whose inhabitants were extremely religious; "so religious that even the pigs and hens went to church to hear Mass said!"

Sometimes their superstitions dulled their reasoning, and they blamed their lack of work and bread, their destitution to: "It is the eye of the house," meaning an evil eye had been cast on their homes. Pounded and oiled "sainted grass" was applied to heal wounds; grated green squash was placed on hot bodies to reduce fevers; split frogs were bound to foreheads to allay headaches. Superstition lay in the proverb: "The home that is envied winds up with either poverty or sickness," this in spite of the red ribbon entwined about the goat's horns, specifically placed over the doorways to keep out the evil spirits of no work and no bread.

When Sicilians made courageous preparations to leave family, friends, and homeland, they bound up along with their meager belongings, their shawls, and brightly striped wool stockings their valuation of bread and tied it with the string

of reverence. Upon arrival in America, the string was gently untied and rolled up and carefully preserved, for Sicilian children were taught that when a piece of bread was accidentally dropped, it was not to be discarded until it was kissed and raised heavenward.

It is typical that the older Sicilian Americans in this country do not dwell upon the austerity of life in their native land, but only recall—and repeatedly point out—the superiority of all things Sicilian over their American equivalents. Their homes were the best-built in the world, as "you could not hear the thunder for the thickness of the walls, while in America, seated in your kitchen, you could hear the flies on the sidewalk." Their needles were "worth a town" and lasted a lifetime; in America, they "cost a world and a half" and broke with the first stitch. Their olive oil was "liquid gold."

This glorification of Sicilian life is not a display of chauvinistic pride, but the product of romance and poetry that make up the lesser known facets of Sicilian nature. (Sicily, poetry!—where children are called "rays of the sun," and church bells "the voice of God.") The proverbs, the sayings, the colloquial expressions often reveal this inner beauty. Once having seen a bit of loveliness, a Sicilian retained it in his memory and cached it away as a precious jewel; and in the comparative comfort and plenty of his adopted country—"blessed America"—he displays it at every opportunity. For in Sicily he had no time to express his sentiments; he was too occupied seeking work—seeking bread.

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EXPERIENCES IN BLACK AND WHITE

RUBY E. STUTTS LYELLS

AMONG my early recollections of white people are experiences with the Mobleys, who moved to a farm adjoining ours.

My father broke the news of our new neighbors to us in a tone that displayed misgivings, even to me, an eight-year-old. The newcomers were buying the farm my father's brother had lost through an unpaid mortgage to a white man. Father had also lost terrifically in the deal, having had a second mortgage on the same property for a large sum of money loaned to his brother.

As time rolled on, I saw the four Mobley children, as we and they went to and from the segregated one-room schools located within hearing and seeing distance of each other—that is, hearing distance as rural folk understand it. We could hear the white children playing during recess and, through the leafless trees, see them at play on the hillside and sometime the staring and hand-waving of an occasional one in response to the meddling of the mischievous ones among our group.

The Mobley children were among those who raced to get ahead of the “niggers” when our schools closed in the afternoon. Whichever group got to the intersection of the road first celebrated by making a dust fog to tantalize the other. Finally the white school closed fifteen minutes early to prevent these escapades.

Several times Father and Mr. Mobley made adjustments to each other for damage done crops by trespassing cows or

hogs. So far as I know the relationship was friendly—that is, as friendly as relationships between white and black went. He was always “Mr. Mobley” and, of course, Father was “Tom.” However, each came to the other's rescue when a cow or horse had fallen in a ditch or if a fallen tree had broken a fence. They even talked for hours when they encountered each other in adjoining fields, enroute from town on horseback Saturday nights, or if Mr. Mobley passed by while Father was out in the wood lot.

Things moved along this way for nearly three years, until one day Father gave orders that our geese and turkeys, which had always had free range in our pasture (which lay between our house and the Mobleys) were to be “kept up.” The freedom-loving birds, not accustomed to restrictions, did not always remain within the confines constructed by my mother with the help of four little girls. So the contrary birds soon fell victim to the Mobleys' wrath. Once or twice a turkey was missing when the flock came home in the evening. Finally, several turkeys came home bleeding from gashes cut into their bodies. From then on we children had to go and get the cows in the morning because Father forbade Mother to call cows any more. He explained that “old Oscar Mobley” was having difficulty holding on and we did not want to do anything to make life unpleasant for them. He said they, having lost their own cows, resented our having cows and other stock.

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The relationship between the two farmers became strained. Whereas, earlier, our trespassing stock had been penned or brought home and a settlement for damages reached through mutual agreement, they were now killed and excessive damages demanded. We children were restricted in our roamings over the fields and pastures in search of hickory nuts, walnuts, muscadines, plums, and berries. We were even forbidden too much merriment in our play lest we disturb the neighbors. Father became obviously worried and cautious.

By the end of the year, the same white man who had "broken up" my uncle "broke up" the Mobleys and they moved away—quite to our happiness, even though in telling us about it Father warned that we should not rejoice over other people's downfall. Father later revealed some of the incidents which had resulted in his worry and strain. He had even feared for his life. Every night when he came home he had expected "old Mobley" to appear from hiding and shoot him without warning.

The Sunday after the Mobleys left we went to Sunday School as usual. As we passed the little white church where the white people were gathering for service, I began humming "Everybody talk about heaven ain't going there." Then I asked my mother if white folks and colored folks went to the same heaven. I can never forget my sore disappointment when she answered "Yes" and explained that to God color was not important, that He rewarded people according to their deeds. To my immature mind, white faces and evil deeds had become synonymous and it was difficult to understand how a loving and all-wise God could be so cruel or unknowing as to send colored people to a "white folks heaven." But for the fact that I might encounter white

folk there, too, I would probably have preferred spending eternity in hell.

Coming home from college one week end, I found no one at the railroad station to meet me, whereupon I walked to the post office of the little five-store town, to ask the star route mail carrier if I might go out with him. While I waited, a little ragged, barefoot white boy of eight or nine came in for mail. He looked at me very curiously as he passed. When he came out of the post office, he examined me again very carefully and, finally, as if thinking aloud and echoing the contempt of three generations, he blurted out, "You're just a nigger."

In the summer of 1935 as a student in the University of Chicago, I went on several educational tours conducted by the University. It was on one of these that I had the pleasure of dining at Hull House with Jane Addams. On others I visited Hobohemia, Chinatown, and other areas of historic and social significance.

My sister arrived in Chicago one day just in time to go with me on a tour. This time the schedule provided for a tour of a radio station in a downtown hotel.

Being one of the first to enter the elevator, apparently I was unnoticed by the elevator boy. But when my sister entered, the elevator boy saw her and looked around at me. "I will not move the elevator until those two colored girls get off," he said. "We are members of the group," I replied. I was almost drowned out by the other students who exclaimed, "We are all together," "We are in a party," "They are with us." But the elevator boy refused to move. He finally said directly to me, "Will you get off?" I answered emphatically "No," but I was afraid he would put me off by force. The

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group continued to protest, whereupon the boy remarked that he was working under orders. "Will you get off?" he repeated, looking at me.

By this time my sister was crying and urging, "Sister, let's get off." Fighting to keep my composure and trying to figure out what I would do if the man pulled or shoved me, I was relieved when someone called out, "Let's all get off!" Everybody got off. But by the time I got off and looked around, I saw nobody standing there except my sister and me. The others had taken the adjacent elevator and gone up.

Almost before I realized what had happened, the manager of our party stepped from the elevator, took both of us by the arm and as he escorted us away he said very warmly, "I'm so sorry this has happened. Come on, I'll take you up." He was carrying us away from the elevators. Suddenly it occurred to me he was taking us to the freight elevator. I asked where we were going and stated that we would go up on the same elevator the others had used or we would not go at all. Apparently chagrined at my catching the trick, the gentleman again expressed his very great sorrow over the incident, explained the elevator boy's predicament, and assured us that he would get the hotel manager who would take us up to the radio station. Having shown us to a seat he took an elevator up. Presently we were joined by a colored man who had gone up several stories before being noticed and put off the elevator.

While the three of us waited, someone (I think the manager of our tour) rushed over and, out of breath, exclaimed excitedly, "You'd better hurry or you'll be left." Looking around, I saw the entire group going out the door. We joined them and went on to the next point where dinner was scheduled.

It was a miserable meal for me. I could

feel the weight of fifty or seventy-five pairs of eyes staring at me. Some few people told us they sympathized with us, and one of the leaders of the tour referred to the regrettable incident in his after-dinner remarks. Never before, nor since, have I felt so helpless and humiliated. I finished my work at the University without going on another University-sponsored educational tour and with a definite feeling that white people were a heartless host.

About a year ago Mr. Charles H. Brown, librarian, Iowa State College, and I spoke on the program of a conference of Negro college presidents. After the conference Mr. Brown invited me to spend two months working as special assistant in the Iowa State College Library. To work at Ames on any terms was a great opportunity to make valuable contacts and gain experiences useful to me in my own work in a state college for Negroes. But when Mr. Brown offered to pay me a salary equal to or exceeding my own salary at Alcorn A & M College (Mississippi), the situation was relieved of any taint of paternalism. I did not need to go to Ames feeling that I or my college was an object of charity, because I was a hired person and had only one obligation—to perform well my tasks and thus earn my salary.

Mr. Orr, the assistant librarian, met me at the railroad station that beautiful Sunday in April when I arrived in Ames about five o'clock in the evening. We were strangers to each other, but he had no difficulty recognizing me as no other Negro got off the train. Somehow I recognized him, too, when we met about mid-way the train as I trudged along toward the station with my heavy suitcase. I cannot forget the healthy, "How do you do? Is this Mrs. Lyells?" Neither will I forget my amusement when he remarked

that he had about given me up when he did not see me get off the first or second car. "You were way back there," he said. I could hardly resist saying, "Yes, I was in the parlor car." I thought to myself, "White folks are white folks everywhere you go. It would never occur to him that a Negro would travel in comfort."

Mr. Orr told me he had delayed his dinner and would take me to dinner if I had not eaten. I had eaten in the diner, but his invitation seemed so unusually kind I almost wished I had not had dinner. Two members of the library staff had told him to bring me over to their house if I were of a mind to visit so soon. After meeting my landlady and depositing my bags in my room, I went with Mr. Orr to visit awhile with the Misses Warner and Oberheim. Soon after we arrived, who but Mr. Brown, himself, dropped in. We spent a very pleasant evening chatting informally and nibbling candy.

The next day at the library I visited the various departments and met the members of the library staff. I was given a temporary work schedule, advised as to the best eating places on and near the campus, and invited to join the library staff table at the Home Economics Tea Room. The daily lunches at the Home Economics Tea Room are among the most pleasant memories I have of people and places.

Every week or so when Mr. Brown or Mr. Orr inquired of my well-being, I assured them that every experience was a learning one, that instead of my drawing a salary I felt as though I should be paying tuition. They urged me to observe their methods with a view toward making criticism. It puzzled me that they should have such high regard for me. In fact Mr. Brown held me in such high esteem I felt uncomfortable in his presence. I was literally stunned when, on

my first day at the library, he asked me to help criticize a paper he had prepared to read at a library conference the next week.

That first visit with the Misses Warner and Oberheim was only the beginning. They made me welcome in their home. Weekly and sometimes oftener we dined together, or went to the show, or a church supper, or listened to Town Meeting. Always we had the freest and frankest discussions on current questions. Naturally we did not always see the race question from the same angle, but I enjoyed exchanging views with them—except that at first I spoke with restraint until I had convinced myself I was not in the white South and could speak freely without fear of its reacting against me in any way.

Contacts with other staff members were easy when we met at the cafés, on the interurban buses, downtown, or at church. Two other librarians invited me to their home for dinner. Another staff member and I exchanged gripes and pet grudges when we encountered each other in the lounge or some other convenient place. The shouting over V-E Day did not quite make sense to us.

Toward the end of my stay, Mr. Brown invited me to be his special guest at the annual staff dinner in a downtown hotel. I would have been satisfied if Mr. Brown had merely arranged for me to attend the banquet. But I was his "special guest"! Dr. T. L. Yuan, Director of the National Library of China and the President of the Chinese Library Association, was visiting the Ames library that week and was also to be Mr. Brown's guest at the dinner. As the day for the dinner approached, I began to think, "This may turn out to be everything but pleasant." I explained away my fear by thinking, "Maybe I will not be a 'special guest' in the strictest sense. That was probably his way of making it possible for me to attend the din-

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ner. In all probability I will be eating with the same staff members with whom I have lunch every day."

When I arrived at the hotel with members of the staff, I was pleased that no one stared at me as we passed through the lobby. When we entered the dining room, Mr. Brown approached to introduce the gentleman from China. Later, as I turned to join in the search for place cards, he called out, "Mrs. Lyells, you are my guest." He drew back the chair at his right. Mr. Yuan sat at his left and Mrs. Brown sat at my right. At no time during the meal did the conversation lag and at no time did I feel left out. Neither was I conscious of any special effort to include me. I even forgot that Mr. Brown was my superior and that I almost stood in awe of him. It was all so easy and natural I lost all consciousness of self.

After dinner Mr. Brown introduced me to talk about libraries and education for Negroes. There followed questions and a discussion which made me know that interest in the subject was real. I became more thoroughly convinced that lack of opportunity for desirable contacts breeds much of the ignorance which results in racial indifference in areas where there is no basis for rank prejudice. My first enthusiasm over the dinner invitation was sustained throughout the evening and for most of the night I was too excited to sleep—I spent the time reflecting childishly upon the pleasant experience.

On my last day at the library, I went to the various departments to secure autographs and to have a last word with my fellow workers. Many said they hated to have me leave. I was not exaggerating when I told them that if it were not for the fact that I had a husband in Mississippi whom I wished to join, I would wish for an invitation to stay longer. The

Misses Warner and Oberheim arranged for us to have a last dinner together. When Mr. Orr autographed my book, he said, "Mrs. Lyells, I met you when you came, and I would like the honor of taking you back to the station." He also offered to arrange the details of the trip.

I went to the women's lounge and stayed several minutes before I could get my eyes dry enough to go about normally. As I sat there, I tried to understand what impelled these people to go out of their way to be nice to me. It was certainly not in return for any personal favor. The tears continued to flow as I reflected that for two months I had been a human being among human beings. From the Sunday in April when I reached Ames to that day in June, when I was about to leave, there had been no incident or experience I wished to forget. Even though the library staff was all white, I had never been made color-conscious—in fact never before in my life had I been so completely devoid of a consciousness of color for such a long time. They had all been nice to me—I mean nice in the way an individual is nice to another—not in the patronizing, condescending manner characteristic of the attitude of many whites toward Negroes. Individual staff members had reflected Mr. Brown's high regard for me, sometimes making me feel they regarded me as more than just an ordinary person. At first I was overwhelmed and disconcerted by their deference, but they had been so consistent and so natural and easy in their behavior I could not doubt that they had accepted me.

Finally the tears stopped and I knew I was a different person. I felt no restraint or reservations whatever as I moved about the library the next few hours. The protective wall with which I had always surrounded myself when in the presence of white people was no longer needed. Whatever ill feelings I had harbored be-

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cause of previous experiences had dried with the tears.

Never again can I lump all white people together. Now I admire them or abhor them as individuals as I admire or abhor colored people. Through the common struggles of our peoples for understanding and recognition, I had long ago discovered the soul of the Jews, Chinese, Japanese, and Indians. Through the Ames experience I arrived at a feeling of complete unity with all mankind.

I do not mind now if white people and colored people go to the same heaven.

Ruby E. Stutts Lyells was born and educated in Mississippi. A graduate of Alcorn A. & M. College, Hampton Institute, and the University of Chicago, she is a professional librarian. She is president of the Mississippi State Federation of Colored Women's Clubs and Secretary-Treasurer of the Mississippi division of the Southern Regional Council.

EMANCIPATION

MARTIN STAPLES SHOCKLEY

I HAVE always thought of myself as a Virginian, although for several years past I have lived in the Middle West. When I took a temporary job in a war agency, I moved with my family back to my native state for the duration. I felt good about coming back home. I wanted to see old friends and relatives. I wanted my children to visit Williamsburg and Arlington, to see the fog along the Blue Ridge and the sunshine on the Shenandoah. I suppose I was sentimental and enthusiastic, but I was happy to be coming home.

Prepared for the hardships of wartime travel, we were scarcely ruffled when our train was four hours late and we missed connections and lost our reservations. We made ourselves comfortable in the coach and adjusted ourselves to riding the last three hundred miles on hard seats and arriving in the middle of the night. About ten o'clock we settled down; the children went to sleep sprawled on the hard plush cushions, the baby slept at last in his little basket, and we dozed.

An hour later, we were roused by the conductor. "You've got to move," he said.

"What's the matter?" I inquired sleepily. "I thought this coach went all the way through to Norfolk."

"It does," he replied, "but you can't ride in it. You've got to move. There's going to be niggers in this coach."

Then suddenly I understood. I remembered. When we crossed into Virginia, this would be the Jim Crow car. And strangely I, the Virginian, was irritated. "Look, mister," I explained, "we've been riding since early morning. We've been in cars with all sorts of people and nobody has hurt us. Can't you see we're tired and sleepy? My children are asleep. I don't want to wake them. Look at all that luggage. I don't want to move it. We'll be all right here. Just let us stay here until we get off. It's only about a hundred miles more."

The conductor was firm. "It's the law," he said. "See that sign over there? This coach is for niggers. You've got to move."

EMANCIPATION

I tried again. "Look," I said, "I don't think the Negroes would mind. If anyone objects, we'll move. But if it's all right with them, can't we just stay here? We'll be asleep anyway."

It was no good. We had to move. We gathered bag, baggage, and baby buggy. We roused the children. We waked the baby, and he cried for the next hour. We annoyed perhaps fifty people in the adjoining coach. "I guess it can't be helped," I apologized to my wife. "White supremacy at all costs." My wife was not amused.

We took a small house in a suburban area, and I rode to work on the bus. Negroes ride on the Jim Crow back seats, and the buses are always crowded. One morning as we rode across the beautiful Virginia countryside, there was a commotion in the back. The bus stopped, and the driver went back. Passengers craned their necks and listened. A little brown girl in pigtails and a blue dress was getting up off the floor, sobbing. "She shoved me off the seat," the girl told the driver. "I was sitting there, and she came and sat beside me, and then she shoved me off."

The long back seat of the bus was occupied by several people, white, black, brown, yellow. A big black woman spoke angrily to the driver. "This girl was sitting beside me. That white woman shoved her off the seat. She ought to be ashamed of herself."

I looked at the white woman. She sat stiff-backed, her face hard, her eyes staring straight ahead. "You can stand here," the driver said to the little brown girl.

"It's her seat," said the big black woman. "She had it first."

"She can stand here," said the driver and went back to his wheel. Self-consciously, we passengers resumed our morning papers. No one spoke. The bus drove on across the beautiful Virginia countryside.

Perhaps it was subconscious guilt that prompted me to tell the story at lunch. At my table sat an economist from Harvard, a handsome woman sociologist from the University of Chicago, a chemist from Columbia. I finished the story with what must have been a somewhat rueful smile. The sociologist's eyes flashed. "Oh, Virginia," she breathed with a scorn that made it sound like "Oh, Himmler."

"And you good American citizens sat and watched," commented the economist.

The chemist carefully broke a cracker. "My grandfather edited an abolitionist newspaper," he remarked as though he were changing the subject. I had trouble with my lettuce. I reminded myself that I had never actually boasted about how many slaves my grandfather owned. My work didn't go well that afternoon.

The forty-eight-hour week does not allow much time for recreation. But at last I got away for a visit with my old college friend and fraternity pal, Bill, now a lawyer in Southside Virginia. There was the high-ceilinged house with the white columns, the lovely wife, the Negro servant. But the Negro servant didn't grin and say "Yassuh, Massa," the way he does in the movies. He was quiet, competent in a white coat. In the high-ceilinged room, we drank good Bourbon and talked about old times.

"Remember Tom Jeter?" Bill chatted. I smiled appreciatively. Tom had played end the year Bill played halfback and I edited the college paper. "Intended coming over tonight." Bill sipped his Bourbon. "Couldn't make it. Labor trouble at the mill. Damn' Yankee radicals ruinin' the South. Something isn't done about it, this state's goin' to be ruined by those New Deal Socialist bureaucrats. Those Communists in Washington. Tryin' to let niggers vote." Bill's tone was bitter. "Have you met any of them?"

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"I work pretty hard and don't see many people," I said. "No, I don't think I've met any Communists."

"Washington's lousy with 'em," Bill declared.

I wondered what Bill considered a Communist. I thought of the Harvard economist, the Chicago sociologist, the Columbia chemist. I reminded myself that Bill was my old and good friend. He held degrees from two institutions frequently referred to as "distinguished." I sipped Bill's good Bourbon and somewhat sadly turned the conversation back to undergraduate escapades. I didn't get a chance to visit any more of my old friends and fraternity pals.

A strange thing happened shortly before I resigned to return to the Middle West. I got on a bus in Petersburg to go to Richmond, twenty miles away. I was several minutes early, so I got a choice seat by a window near the middle of the bus. Several other passengers got on. Just before time to go, a crowd of Negro soldiers from Camp Lee came sprinting for the bus. They were jaunty in fresh-pressed khaki; they laughed and joked. I gathered from their remarks they were going to a dance in the USO in Richmond. They filled the bus from the back. Presently a tall soldier came and with a murmured "If you don't mind" sat down beside me. Another soldier sat down beside the man across the aisle. Another took the vacant half of the seat directly in front of me.

Suddenly in this seat there was squirming and shoving. The soldier sprawled in the aisle, and a little man who wore a dirty shirt and needed a shave sprang from the seat shouting, "Ain't no damn nigger goin' to set by me." He jerked from his hip pocket a pint bottle half

filled with whiskey and swung it at the sprawling soldier. Frozen with horror, I saw a husky sergeant reach out for the descending arm. The dirty white wrist stopped still in the grip of big brown fingers. Oh, God, I thought, a race riot. The bus was nearly filled with Negro soldiers. Poker-faced, the big brown sergeant held the wrist with one hand; with the other he reached out and calmly took the whiskey bottle. By this time the driver was standing in the aisle. The sergeant handed the bottle to the driver and sat down. The driver escorted the drunken white man to the front of the bus. Not a word was said. The bus pulled out.

It was dusk, and a moon was rising over the river as we crossed the bridge leaving town. From the rear of the bus, a husky baritone began, "Shine on, shine on, harvest moon." A clear tenor came in on "up in the sky." Voices joined, and the chorus swelled. As we climbed the hill, the whole bus was singing. Through the soft Virginia dusk we sang all the way to Richmond.

Recently in Chicago I shared a taxi with a man who immediately identified himself as "from Texas." "And where are you from?" he continued conversationally.

There was an imperceptible pause as my dendrites wiggled and the new circuit was set up. With no noticeable hesitation my reply came: "I'm from Indiana."

Martin Staples Shockley, whose family has lived in Virginia since the 18th century, holds degrees from three southern universities. During the war he was editor in the Publications Division, U.S. Army. He is now professor of English at Evansville College, Evansville, Indiana.

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MABEL POWERS

MORE than three and a half centuries ago a group of American Indians met in one of the most momentous councils ever held in America to form a league of nations to abolish war and to establish peace.

Few people trace our American democratic peace heritage back farther than 1789 when the Thirteen Colonies became the United States of America. The earlier great experiment in democracy and peace which the Five Nations of the Iroquois made in 1570 is practically unknown, yet students of government, including the late Dr. John Finley, have conceded that the Iroquois in their commonwealth of nations achieved a social, economic, and political equality that has never been equalled or surpassed in its working value for the needs of a people as was this League for the people of that time and *within the League*. The Indian league for peace persisted for three and a half centuries, remaining in effect longer than any government of the western world, and forever ended war between the Five Nations themselves. It also shaped the destiny of the North American continent and made of America an English-speaking republic instead of a French province.

II

It was a remarkable peace drama that was enacted in the forests of New York State in 1570 by five powerful fighting nations of the Iroquois: the Mohawk, Oneida, Cayuga, Onondaga, and Seneca.

These nations occupied the territory extending from the east watershed of Lake Champlain to the west watershed of the Genesee River, and from the Adirondack Mountains southward to the lower Susquehanna and its branches. Their intertribal relations and those of surrounding tribes had long been one of bitter strife with consequent suffering, waste, and depletion in the blood feud. Many had become appalled at the ravages of war and saw that its continuance meant the total destruction of the race.

From the Huron country at this time there came to these tribes a great peacemaker named Deganawida. He brought the idea of uniting into a league of nations, to stop for all time the shedding of blood by violence, and by means of laws of justice, brotherhood, and common well-being to establish peace among themselves, and eventually among all tribes. The name of the peacemaker, Deganawida, is almost unknown to Americans, and to the world; yet the outstanding authority on the League, the late J. N. B. Hewitt of Smithsonian Institution, said of him, "He is one of the supreme figures to have arisen in the western world, deservedly ranking with Washington and Lincoln." Many traditional stories are told of Deganawida, of his unusual powers of mind and spirit to overcome obstacles and master every situation. How this man of insight and peace, aided by his loyal mother, Djigonsaseh, and his co-helper, Ha'hyowe't'ha, an Onondaga later known as Hiawatha, suc-

ceeded in uniting five warring nations into a brotherhood that persisted until 1924 in Canada, and how Atotarho, war chief of the Onondaga, the Hitler of that age, was overcome by non-violent methods only is one of the most wonderful stories of Indian life.

After leaving the Huron country and making his home among the Onondaga, Deganawida, after a period of fasting, prayer, and meditation, formulated the laws of the Great League. In this League each nation was independent, retained control of all tribal matters, kept its own customs, elected its own chiefs, and lighted its own council fire. A federal council composed of 49 chieftains, representatives of the people, met at stated times and decided every question that concerned all the nations and their well-being. Decisions were required to be unanimous. There was no permanent speaker or leader of the assembly, though the fire-keeper of the Onondaga opened and closed the council. Federal chiefs were nominated by the mothers of certain families that inherited chieftainship titles; the nominations were confirmed by popular councils of all the men and women, and later by the confederate council. Rights of popular nomination, of the referendum and recall, of woman suffrage, free speech and assemblage, freedom of worship and freedom from want were guaranteed.

All chieftains served without compensation. There were no political plums and privileges. A chief's authority lay only in the esteem of the people, and ceased the moment that esteem was lost. Greatness of a chief was measured by his unselfish service. Chieftains were to have "skin the thickness of seven thumb widths," signifying unlimited tolerance, patience, and goodwill. They must be proof against anger, criticism, and offensive actions.

Men who had proved themselves of

value to the tribe who were not in the hereditary line of chieftainship were made Pine Tree Chiefs with the right to sit upon the confederate council. They were selected by the confederate council for personal merit and statesmanship, with voice, but no vote, in the governing council. If they failed to measure up to the high standard of chieftainship, they could not be deposed, as were the hereditary chiefs, but were ostracized. At the death of a Pine Tree Chief his office became vacant. He could not name a successor, nor was his title hereditary. (Deganawida was a Pine Tree Chief and therefore had no successor.)

In providing equal economic freedom, freedom from want, the League recognized the right of all to live. The hunting grounds from which the people largely derived their living were to be one common tract and all were to have equal rights to hunt within it. Each had an inalienable right to his share of the resources for his daily needs—but no more. Each could hold as much land as he himself could use—but no more. There were tribal fields in which they grew corn to feed the people—all the people. They obeyed that well known Indian commandment, "When you eat, share." No one came hungry to an Indian lodge and was not fed; naked, and was not clothed. There was always an extra pair of moccasins hanging on the wall. It was a national dishonor to have food in your house and any one hungry in the tribe. None were poor, as long as any had ample supplies. Indian minds were geared to equality, sharing with all the resources of the earth. Until taught the idea of possession by the white man, Indians would not buy and sell the land. It was the breast of the Great Mother who fed them, and one could not buy and sell his mother.

In an Iroquois council there was no pyrotechnic oratory or exchange of heated

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words. Each representative was courteously heard through his argument. Governor Dewitt Clinton paid this tribute to Iroquois counselling: "All their proceedings were conducted with great deliberation, and were distinguished for order, decorum, and solemnity. In eloquence, in dignity, and in all the characteristics of profound policy, they surpassed an as-



sembly of feudal barons and were perhaps not inferior to the Great Amphycionian Council of Greece."

No provision was made in the original plan for use of force by the central authority against the separate members. Mr. Hewitt states definitely that force was not in the original plan of the League and was not used by the founders in its making, nor in the uniting of the Five Nations. However, several years later an amendment created two offices corresponding to that of secretary of war and secretary of state. This was done to bring into the League that faction of the Seneca which had continued to remain outside.

The League brought a revolution in the forms and methods of government then existing, the renouncing of the war psychology of the age and the focusing of the minds of the people on a new constructive policy, the establishing of an

intertribal, social, and political organization based on democracy, equality, justice, and brotherhood with a definite internal and international program. It was not only a drastic reformation policy, but an experiment, completely excluding the military power from the conduct of purely civil affairs. The constitution of the League prohibited a federal chieftain from engaging in warfare while holding that sacred office. He was required to resign his office during absence on the war trail. The League had chief warriors, reserved for policing, but no standing military or fighting unit. There was also provision for disarmament in the code.

III

To bind the people into a great family unit there were strict and definite laws of marriage and clanship. All were members of one family recognizing obligations owed by each to all others. The central teaching of Deganawida was that "out of the union of a common motherhood and fatherhood arises the daughtership of all women, the sonship of all men, and the rich fellowship of all mankind." The motive of the League was the universal well-being of all people. This was to be accomplished by the establishment of "sanity of mind and health of body, righteousness in thought, speech, and conduct; justice in adjustment of rights and obligations: physical strength and spiritual power attained through sacred ceremonial life." Iroquois law was not just a rule of action; it must produce good. All who joined the League must be equal sharers in the "Great Living Goodness"—also sharers in responsibility for the welfare of the people. They must become as fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters. Mere enforcement of law was not adequate. Individuals and families co-operated for the good of all, were disciplined to think and

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act in terms of "our," not "my or mine." Democracy was taught in the lodges; therefore it worked in the nation. Things were not done from the top down, but by sifting the highest common thought of the common people.

The Iroquois were organized on the basis of kinship and affinity traced through the blood lineage of the mother. Status in the tribe was secured only by being born, or adopted, into a group of people tracing descent from a common mother. This family group, the smallest unit, included all the male and female progeny of a woman, also of her female descendants tracing descent by blood in the female line, and of such persons as may have been adopted into it. One or more families constituted a clan, and several clans a nation. Members of a family could not marry one another, but could marry into a family which had cousinship relation. In that way members of every family were interrelated with many cousin-streams of blood which bound together the social organism.

The women of a family elected a woman-trustee chieftain. She was the executive officer of the family and was chosen for exceptional ability and purity of character. She had a seat in the federal council, and had equal standing with men chiefs. Chieftains were urged to look to the Creator for inspiration and guidance; the women to the Great Mother that they might have purity and wisdom.

No chief could be nominated without the consent of the mothers of the family, and the mothers could also depose a chief derelict in duty, if after three warnings he did not conform to the wishes of the mothers of the family who had nominated him. A mother, being the source of life, could spare, or take, the life of prisoners of war offered for adoption into her family. No nation could declare war against another nation without the con-

sent of the mothers. They could also forbid their sons going on the war path. Woman controlled the fundamentals of society. She arranged marriages, governed households, took an active part in all that pertained to the welfare and business of the tribe. The entire social fabric was woven about the mother, but "she never talked loud until she was a grandmother," commented Dr. Charles Eastman, the Sioux.

The Indian mother was an agriculturist: she grew the corn to feed the people. She had distinct economic value and independence. She also had soul knowledge—intuition—and man did nothing without consulting her. "The Creator of our kind has indeed endowed the person of our mother (the woman) with high honor and also with the full measure of mind and reason," said the Iroquois. "Give heed therefore to her words of admonition."

The Indian mother had complete control of her children until the period of adolescence. If a boy, the child then went on the trails with the father; if a girl, she was trained in the duties of the lodge, the skills of homemaking, and care of children. As kinship was traced through the blood of the mother, the children belonged to her and to her clan forever. She, herself, retained her own name and clan in marriage. In the old days monogamy prevailed. Indian men and women lived together as long as they could live peaceably. But children must not be raised in a quarrelsome lodge; therefore divorce, though considered discreditable, could be effected.

IV

It is evident that the Iroquois, and other tribes, knew something of the power of mind in peacemaking. The text of the Iroquois reads, "Let us make one mind in

which all the nations of natural man shall be contained. Now we have put our minds in one place. We will now have but one soul, one head, but one tongue shall be in us, so shall the nations be of one mind." The chiefs of the Great Commonwealth often exhorted the people, "Let not evil find lodging in your minds. Listen to the Great Spirit."

One would not expect to find Indians in 1570 using only pacific means and the power of mind in the overcoming of the war god of the 16th century, but the historic legend records such an unprecedented event in peacemaking.

Having completed the plan of the Great League, Deganawida presented it to Atotarho, the Onondaga war chief, but was at once rebuffed by him. He then turned to his mother for counsel explaining to her the Great Law. She pronounced it good and suggested as a helper a half brother of the war chief. This man because of grief over the murder of his wife and children was living alone in the forest. Deganawida approached him and explained the Great Law. So well did he understand the principles of the new order of life, Deganawida asked his co-operation and gave him a new name, Ha'hyowe't'ha, or Hiawatha. (This Hiawatha who undoubtedly lived, a real person, should not be confused with the mythical culture hero of the Chippewa whom Longfellow immortalized in his beautiful poem. The confusion was due to Henry Schoolcraft, an early ethnologist with an imperfect knowledge of Indian languages. He wrote some stories of the mythical Chippewa hero, Nanabojou. Because he liked the name Hiawatha better, he substituted it and published the stories under the title *Hiawatha Legends*. These legends caught the fancy of Henry W. Longfellow and the much loved poem of *Hiawatha* appeared, though it had nothing to do with the real Hiawatha.

This is how the mythical literary Hiawatha became the star Indian of America.)

Hiawatha, having joined Deganawida in the winning of the Five Nations to the new peace project, was sent on missions of peace. Acting as spokesman, he became the St. Paul of the movement, since Deganawida was said to have had an impediment in his speech. Hiawatha went first to the Cayuga tribe, who after a year's deliberation accepted the Law. He then approached a portion of the Seneca who rejected the plan. The Oneida were next appealed to, and the Mohawk, both of whom became members. The Seneca nation was again approached, one faction accepting the Law, the other rejecting it. Three nations and a portion of another had now been won to the League. The Onondaga continued to stand out through fear of Atotarho, their chief. This powerful war chief was greatly feared. He was constantly falling upon weaker tribes with unrelenting cruelty. In Iroquois traditional history he is represented as a wizard whose evil thoughts burst from his head like writhing snakes, and with hands and feet that writhed and twisted like serpents.

The winning of the nations was a long and difficult process, covering perhaps a period of thirty years, during which time Hiawatha was continuously persecuted by Atotarho. A peacemaker's trail has never in any age been a smooth one. Deganawida himself had also from time to time approached the wizard war chief endeavoring to win him and the Onondaga tribe, but all efforts had failed. But peacemakers must have "skin the thickness of seven widths of the thumb." The courage, patience, and persistence of these founders of the League seem unlimited. Knowing the power and ability of Atotarho, it was at last proposed to the united nations by Deganawida that the great war chief be made the chairman of the federal

council of the League and that his nation, the Onondaga, act as judges in the council and have the deciding vote.

Such preferment of the Onondaga was naturally questioned by the members of the other tribes, but after much discussion the proposal was accepted through the astute statesmanship of Deganawida. It was then that the nations, together with the peacemakers and Deganawida's mother Djigonsaseh, approached the lodge of Atotarho. Their only weapons were kindness, self-renunciation, goodwill, and a hymn of peace Deganawida had taught the people. As Deganawida walked before the lodge of the war chief, he sang, without error, this peace song. It brought peace to the strife-torn, war-possessed mind and body of Atotarho. It is recorded that "a smile came over the face of the monster. His heart was touched, his mind restored, the snakes of evil thought uncoiled from his hair, his crooked parts were made straight, the evil visage slipped away," and Atotarho stood before them a man of reason who accepted the Law. He was then raised up to the high seat of chairman of the federal council and became a worthy leader. The enemy had been brought into the family of nations.

In this dramatic installation scene enacted in the forests of New York State centuries ago, it was Djigonsaseh, together with her son Deganawida, who placed the deer horns, symbol of chieftainship, upon the head of Atotarho. She appeared in the great council of the federal chiefs as the representative of all the mothers of all the families, dramatically symbolizing the sole source of their official power. "One is amazed," said Mr. Hewitt, "that statesmen of the Stone Age should have evolved and incorporated into their government such an ideal of official womanhood."

V

The symbol of the League was an ever-growing tree on which there was to be a branch for every nation in the world. "Its four white roots that stretched to the north, south, east and west were living men and women." The Iroquois dreamed that all peoples of the earth would follow up these white roots and sit under the Tree of Peace, no nation being subject, but all equals, or confederates. It is significant that some 20 nations did unite in the 16th century to secure universal peace. The Delaware, Nanticoke, bands of Minsi and Shawnee, Brothertown, and other Algonquin yielded; also Tutelo, Catawba, and Choctaw. The New England Indians, the Cherokee, Wyandot, Neuter, Erie, Huron tribes were invited to join the confederacy. What would have happened if all these nations had joined the League, if the Iroquois could have had five hundred years more to perfect their democracy? How far reaching the principles might have become had not the white man interrupted the experiment and changed the direction of their lives, one can but conjecture. Would there have been an Indian United States of America?

There is no doubt that the primary purpose of the founders was to abolish war forever and to create a confederacy that should comprise all the tribes of men known to them. Such is the testimony of the Iroquois themselves. Obstacles arose which they could not overcome, but the principles of their policy were ever kept in mind. They were always eager to receive new members into their League, and when political union could not be effected, they endeavored to make a treaty of alliance.

Soon after the League was formed, envoys were sent to various tribes asking them to unite. The mission to the distant

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Cherokee failed; another to the Chippewa (Ojibwa) was successful. A strict alliance was made and maintained for many years with that tribe although at times strife and misunderstandings arose. Even less than a hundred years ago that early treaty was honored by the Iroquois. A band of Ojibwa, the Missasauga, who had lost their tribal unity and become nomadic with no permanent habitations, sought refuge with the Iroquois at Grand River, Ontario, appealing to the ancient treaty. A large tract of valuable land was granted them with the right to maintain their own distinct tribal organization. They still reside on this land, living proof of the constancy and liberality with which the Iroquois upheld their ancient treaty obligations.

When the Delaware nation yielded to the Iroquois, they were allowed to retain their territory and nearly all their property. They were not oppressed but given freedom in all ways except to make war and sell their lands.

The Jesuits record instances of Iroquois reconciliation of threatened quarrels between the Mohawk and Seneca nations. Through the influence of Sir William Johnson a treaty was later made between the Cherokee and Iroquois at Johnson Hall, New York, in 1768.

When the Dutch established trading settlements on the Hudson River, they negotiated a treaty with the Iroquois. Later, when the English took the place of the Dutch, the treaty was renewed with them and, in spite of many provocations, this alliance was maintained to the last.

As the united strength of the Five Nations made itself felt, the territory of the Iroquois became the great asylum for Indian tribes. Hundreds of conquered Hurons, Neutrals, and Eries were received and adopted by the Iroquois and gradually became absorbed into the tribe. The

Tuscarora, driven from North Carolina by the English, took refuge with the Iroquois and became the sixth nation of the League in 1720. The Tutelo fled to them and were welcomed. Fragments of Algonquin tribes sought the same hospitable protection.

These are some of the evidences of the attempt of the Five Nations to use peace-



ful methods to maintain the spirit of the League. For Stone-Age men to have envisioned world brotherhood was indeed a long step forward. To have attained a lasting peace among themselves that has never been broken through the centuries was an even greater achievement. But, unfortunately, while the Iroquois could form and maintain a federation within which peace reigned, they were unable to make the League universal. Hale says, "The Iroquois must not be judged by the traits they display in the fury of warfare, but by their behavior in peacetime. They have been accused of cruelty and perfidy. These qualities were displayed only in wars against enemies whose cruelty they had experienced. At home they were kind, generous, courteous and humane."

It was years after the founding of the

League that the Iroquois resorted to war with surrounding tribes which were cleverly aided by the English and French in their struggle for supremacy in the fur trade, and so became tragically involved in a series of wars fought primarily to perpetuate their political life and to preserve their Tree of Peace. In these wars to end war, the Iroquois federation abandoned pacific principles and resorted to force. Because they were able to secure modern firearms from the Dutch, they waged successful warfare upon several nations that had refused three invitations to join the League.

The Huron tribe, incited by the French colonists, was the first to experience the war power of the Five Nations. Historians have pictured the cruelty of this war with the Hurons, but have not told of the wanton assaults made first upon the Iroquois by Champlain's army and the Hurons, with whom he unfortunately allied himself. The result was the destruction of Huronia in 1648-50. Because the Neutral tribe were friends of the Hurons and French, they also shared the same fate. A few years later, the Eries provoked a war that resulted in the destruction of the Erie as a tribe. Yet the Iroquois still held to a foundation principle of the League, "to strengthen the Long House by making an enemy a friend." When resistance ceased, the survivors of these tribes were adopted into the Iroquois family of nations and enjoyed all the citizenship rights of the Five Nations themselves.

But force snapped the weak link in the chain of universal brotherhood they were welding. The moment force is used, fear, resentment, and hate are aroused—emotions incompatible with peace. Subsequent events proved that the Iroquois were not exempt from the law: "They that take the sword, shall perish by the sword." The moment the Iroquois de-

parted from the peace-making principles of the founders, the frame of their federation weakened and was later broken by the force of the U.S. Army under Generals Sullivan and Clinton.

The establishment of the League of the Iroquois was revolutionary, developed in an age when any one outside the tribe was common game. It meant a complete revaluation of human life through the stopping of blood revenge, and the substitution of a system of compensation. Treaties and tribal pledges were observed with a fine sense of honor. Of the 371 treaties made by the U.S. government with various Indian tribes, historians agree that not one was broken except coincidentally with a breach by the whites. Such a record of the Indian's word of honor puts to shame nations that are allies today and enemies tomorrow.

In 1775 there was an historic council between representatives of the colonists and the League at German Flats, New York. Governor Philip Schuyler called this council to try to prevent the Iroquois from taking part in the American Revolution. He exhorted them to cherish union and friendship among themselves and with the colonists. With calm dignity, a powerful Mohawk chief replied. He pleaded for unity, peace, and brotherhood among the whites. He begged the white men to give up the doctrine of an eye for an eye. Listening to the Great Spirit, the Indians had found a way to peace. All men were brothers and must live like brothers.

Many of the Founding Fathers, including Thomas Jefferson, became deeply interested in the Indian's theory and brave experiment in government, the right of each nation to deal with its own problems, but delegating the power to deal with issues that concerned all the nations to a representative federal council.

The League had become a real federal

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union that safeguarded without coercion the self-expression of each nation while uniting them as one people for the common good and security of all. In this union all nations were equal under the law. In forming it, the nations transferred something of their sovereignty into the hands of the union but found freedom for themselves in their own nations by so doing, by creating and obeying a law higher than their own sovereign laws, the supreme sovereignty of the Iroquois commonwealth, for that union was themselves. Its sovereign law-giving power was the people. Its decisions were their decisions. Wars between the Five Nations ceased because the sovereign power of each was transferred to the larger unit, the confederacy.

This central idea of independent tribes in pacific federation with rules and laws operating on the individual members of the tribe became the basic idea of the American Constitution. Mr. J. N. B. Hewitt, outstanding authority on the League, stated, "There is no doubt that the League served as a pattern for the Founding Fathers in shaping the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence." Dr. Clark Wissler, noted anthropologist, wrote, "There is evidence that the League influenced the colonists to

form the United States Confederacy and to write the Constitution." Mr. John Collier adds, "The Six Nations League anticipated by centuries our Federal Union under the Constitution."

This then is the early pattern of democracy woven into the backdrop of our country. As the framers of our Constitution drew upon the wisdom and political sagacity incorporated in this original blueprint for peace, the founders of a new world government may also find in this ancient race a spring of wisdom and democracy that will some day bring peace and healing to our fighting, competitive, mechanized civilization.

As an interpreter of the life and literature of the American Indian, and as a peace worker, Mabel Powers is widely known. In 1924 she represented the Indian people, by whom she was adopted, in the World Peace Congress of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. She is the author of Stories the Iroquois Tell Their Children, Around an Iroquois Story Fire, The Portage Trail, The Indian as Peacemaker. Her story of the Iroquois League was checked and approved by the late J. N. B. Hewitt.

The illustrations are by Miné Okubo.

A GOOD NAME

I. L. SALOMON

"You'll know how to get there," my mother said, as she handed me two nickels. "You're eight and old enough to count the stations, and you'll get off at Fourteenth Street. But don't tell Uncle how it is. Just tell Tante Edie to tell him to come."

I knew what was going to happen, but I couldn't believe it. I didn't cry. I did what I did because I was the oldest, and my father wasn't home.

With my nickel safe under my tongue and the secret in my head, I rode down on the El along Second Avenue. The cheap tenements, standing without dignity, were familiar signposts that early Monday morning.

There was a loneliness about the street my uncle lived on, an emptiness about the crowded tenement house that had been his. He had leased it from a landlord, but in less than a year he had lost his investment. Now he lived there as a regular tenant. He was the uncle that had a lot of children and a lot of trouble making money. My mother used to say he was in business, but I knew what his business was, and I used to hope I'd never see him pushing his pushcart like a drygoods peddler down the street. That was why I was glad we lived in Harlem, away from him and his business. That was why I rarely saw my Uncle David, him living downtown and me, up. Whenever we went to his house, he was always dozing, stretched out on the frontroom lounge. No one was allowed to say a word until he spoke first. Unless, maybe, Tante Edie.

Tante Edie was really upset to see me when by rights I should have been in school. She wanted the truth from me, but I told her what I had been told to say.

"Is Grandma only sick?" she asked, as she put her good dress on. She was going to fetch Uncle David, but like all the women in our family, she wouldn't step outdoors in a wrapper. I told her our neighbor, Mrs. Alpert, had gone for the doctor.

"It's a sin to tell a lie," Tante Edie said, as if I were insensitive to the truth.

She didn't think I was intelligent. She began to suspect I was hiding something from her. The truth was the truth, I insisted, but my Tante Edie, a great one for sniffing in just anticipating bad news, gave me one of her looks that said I was lying.

She combed her hair quickly, tried on a hat, laid it by, and took her old shawl from the costumer. "That noisy voice of yours that can raise the dead," she rasped in utter disbelief it could be silenced, "where has it flown to?"

Me, deaf and dumb, was a stupid absurdity, she continued, as unimaginable a miracle as a wise fool.

She chattered and screamed alternately and asked questions impossible to answer, as she threw her shawl from her shoulders and tried on her hat at a new angle only to find that her hat pins were missing. "Who's got time to look for them?" she asked of no one, as her hands moved like the wings of a frightened bird among the

odds and ends of the bureau drawer. But she didn't forget why I was there. "Are you telling the truth?" she demanded.

Could I tell her there were two truths, when my poor grandmother, who God forbid might be dead right now, had taught me there was one? And if I told her the truth she wanted to know, the truth I wasn't sure of and that I was praying would never happen, I would break my mother's word and the word of Moses, who had the word from God himself, as I had learned from my grandmother before I had a rabbi.

My Tante Edie wasn't even concerned when I kissed my pinkie and stretched it straight up to the ceiling in the direction of God. She shook free another bureau drawer that didn't want to budge and got out her enormous diamond earrings with uncountable little fires in them. She polished them as if she had all the time in the world. Then she rummaged further back in the drawer and brought out three diamond rings. She slipped these on, muttering between snuffles and tears, and spread her fingers like an open fan to catch the light in the mirror. The beveled edge sparkled the fires the length of the prism several times before Tante Edie picked up her shawl.

God, I didn't want to go outside with her to look for my uncle, if she was going to wear a shawl like the immigrants in the neighborhood she lived in!

"We'll walk down to Delancey Street," Tante Edie said, but as she said this, who should walk in? None other than Sadie Alpert, my neighbor's daughter, from uptown. She said something in a whisper and took to her heels as if an evil wind were on her.

The news set Tante Edie whimpering. "You wait here for me," she sobbed. "I'll have to take the Avenue B car." She meant she didn't want to pay my carfare. "Not a word to Uncle when we come

back," she warned plaintively. "Remember, not a word!" Then she stopped crying. She turned her tears on and off like a faucet. "A lot he'll know if you tell him as much as you told me," she said as she took one last look in the mirror. The fires flashed like a Fourth of July rocket before burning out.

Sitting alone in the dark rooms was uncomfortable, but a lot better than riding up in a streetcar with someone, a relative no less, wearing a shawl and diamonds on her fingers to show herself off. That was what my poor Uncle David had to sweat for; that, and these dingy rooms without a toilet in them. "For this my poor son has to slave," my grandmother used to say; this, meaning dirty rooms in a dirty neighborhood, a water-closet, and diamonds.

What Sadie Alpert whispered I didn't want to believe, but I knew my grandmother was dead; and knowing this, I tried not to think. The unthinkable had happened and the unthinkable would not leave me. Grandma stared out of the make-believe paintings on the wall. She hovered in the bowl of fresh fruit, and she was a moving shadow in the dish of dead fish, and she was like a blind ghost, sitting on top of the world, playing a harp. She wasn't young like the lady in the picture, but old and sweet and wearing her Mother-Hubbard with the big pockets full of candies and raisins for me.

For one whole week since her birthday, Grandma hadn't let me sleep with her.

"Nitte!" my mother said, thrusting me and my pesty sister away from the cot. And so it was no!

For one week Grandma kept to her bed, and we were not allowed to touch her, but she touched me, stroking my hand as I stood near her looking into her soft blue eyes and wanting to pat her white hair. The hairs were so sparse on her pink

scalp, I could almost count each one, but Grandma smiled and complained her flesh and bones hurt.

"Nittel!" my mother warned. "Grandma can't stand it."

My grandmother said weakly, "I want to press them to my heart, but their sweet heads and dear hands hurt me. If God wills, perhaps later."

I wondered how I could hurt Grandma. To lie snug against her ample body was comforting. Under the cover she always slipped a raisin or a piece of candy into my hand, but now I wasn't allowed to touch her with even one finger.

She began to talk and my mother began to cry. "He's an ocean away from me and you can't lay me near him. I've done my work and I'm ready." And then she fell asleep; and my mother walked around the house with a wet linen towel wrapped about her head, the way she did when she had a headache. She made me and my pesty sister go to bed. That was the first time I didn't kiss my grandmother good night.

But now, as I was waiting, I understood the terrible truth of what my grandmother had said, and just as I was wondering why people had to die, my aunt and uncle came in.

Uncle David stared at me and sighed. His wind-weathered face seemed to have a layer of darkness under the skin. Even as he washed himself at the iron sink in the kitchen, he asked questions there were no answers to. I said what I had been told to say.

"How sick is Baba?" Uncle David asked, wiping his face.

"Mama said she's sick."

"How sick is sick?" he wanted to know, combing his iron-grey hair. He ran the wet comb across his forelock to pat a water-wave meticulously into place.

"Hurry!" Tante Edie said, putting his clothes out on the lounge.

Uncle David put on his black broadcloth suit he wore to the synagogue on the Sabbath. He flicked some lint from a sleeve, carefully adjusted his dark-striped tie, secured the diamond stickpin, and reached for his best cane, the black one with the pearl handle.

Tante Edie went downstairs with us. The pushcart, with a green oilcloth covering, neatly tied into place so that no wares were showing, stood in front of the house. Tante Edie said she'd see to it the stableman returned the pushcart to its stall. She walked off in the opposite direction before we could say good-bye.

Uncle David paid my fare and began questioning me again. But I kept my secret as I had been told to. I kept my tongue over the nickel; it stopped me from talking just for the sake of talking. Uncle David shook my shoulder a couple of times; but there was a lot to see looking out of the El window, even the reflection of the little red apple he kept pushing under my nose. How he had come by it puzzled me, but even after it was mine and hot in the hand from too much holding, I had nothing to say.

Uncle David touched me with his cane. "You're a smart boy," he said. "Is Baba very sick?" His eyes were rimmed with tears as he talked quietly. "Little scoundrel," he continued gently, "take the money out of your mouth." He smiled at his own words, but I could see how sad he was. He didn't look like a peddler. He was an important man going somewhere to some big business meeting. Sitting next to him made me feel proud, shy, and uncomfortable.

When we got off at the station, my uncle, who usually walked like a slowpoke, suddenly began to run, holding his derby at the back of his head with the hand that held the cane. Some kids began to run with us, but when they realized my

uncle, who was crying, was a dressed-up gentleman, they knew he wasn't crazy. They didn't have to run down our block to see the neighbors crowding the stoop of our house. They could see how things were, and he could, too.

Upstairs Mama and old Mrs. Alpert were crying. Behind the portieres in the front room was a white sheet on the floor covering a real person who wasn't real any more. Two terribly old women with wash pails were working around on their knees. What was under the sheet didn't move.

My mother took me in her arms and cried. "Your dear Baba," she began, as if I didn't understand; as if I didn't remember the penny Grandma used to hold out from the change when we were shopping for Mama; as if I didn't remember the walnuts and butternuts she gave me on the high holy days.

"Where is our mother?" Uncle David cried, as if he didn't know.

"God has taken her," my mother sobbed.

"She is with Him we mustn't name," my uncle wailed. "With Him in His heaven."

I wondered how my poor grandmother, whose feet were so swollen she could hardly walk, could fly around with golden wings growing from her shoulder blades.

"He never said a word," Uncle David said of me, and to make sure he'd say nothing bad, I ran to the bathroom. My sister Helen was playing in the tub with her doll and singing at the top of her voice, "Grandma is dead." She didn't have much sense because she was just beginning to go to school. I wanted to hit her, but out of respect for my dead grandmother, I only opened the faucet in the tub. Helen let out a scream my grandmother could have heard. The trouble was that my father, who was coming upstairs, heard it and gave me one of those looks that said, Go down to the street.

My mother was so mixed up she said I could keep the nickel I hadn't spent for carfare.

Mr. Skulnik, who knew all the latest news on the block, let me take my time buying candy ten for a cent; two of these and three of those and five of that. He gave me a good measure because I was spending all my money at once and my grandmother was dead.

Mickey wasn't around to make me give him a suck of candy; but I put two chewies away for Alberto in case he'd invite me up to his house again to hear him practice his fiddle. He didn't make fun of my religion and I didn't make fun of his. I knew he'd be sorry for what was happening in my house.

That night all the relatives were there. After supper Tante Edie came up with her seven sons and three daughters. Later in the evening, Uncle Sigmund came from Hartford in the country with only two of his five sons and none of his daughters. His wife, my Tante Ressa, was very sick, and she wasn't supposed to know about her poor mother. But Uncle Jack, my mother's poor and honest brother, came from the country too, with none of his seven children and without his wife, who was really not in the family, because he had married her when he had been left a widower by an aunt I had never seen.

Uncle Elisha, my father's brother, didn't come. He lived on stuck-up Lenox Avenue; there was bad blood between him and Papa. His Dora didn't like my mother; and I hardly knew what my two girl cousins, their children, looked like.

People walked into the house without knocking or ringing the bell, as if a sound would stir the dead to waking.

The mirrors were covered with white sheets to hide a face that could haunt the living for ever and ever. My mother said that her mother told her an uncovered mirror had power over the living, and I

had to promise not to peek at the glass lest my grandmother's eyes strike me blind. This was something to be feared; this, and Uncle Sigmund, sleeping in Grandma's bed that night; this, and the sin of not burying Grandma right away, as is the practice among us. But my uncles had to come from far-off places; and perhaps God forgave us a little bit.

In the early morning Uncle David and Uncle Jack prayed. Facing the sun, bowing their heads, and swaying their bodies, they thumped their breasts three times. They glanced covertly to where my grandmother lay, unstirring; and they tightened the phylacteries on the left arm, and mumbled their prayers. Then the neighbors came in as they had done the night before, and everyone, including Papa and Uncle Sigmund, prayed in unison.

Mama held Helen and me close, and although she didn't cry, I could tell her heart was breaking. My baby brother, Herscu, was still asleep in the big bedroom.

Then Papa and her brothers stood near Mama as strange men worked behind the portieres. When these were drawn aside, whoever had eyes could see a pine box resting on two wooden horses in the middle of the room. Under the horses there were two large tin washtubs to catch the melted ice as it dripped down. There was a lot of crying then from all the men and women.

My own rabbi sang a beautiful prayer, and then, because I was the oldest in my family and had some understanding, the rabbi said, I was allowed to have a last look at my Grandma. She didn't look eighty to me, or even eighty-two, as my Uncle David had argued with my Uncle Jack. She was the same as she had always been, without a wrinkle on her lovely face. The pink coloring in her cheeks was a little faded. She had on a white linen dress and hood I had seen her sew from

time to time. Now I understood what she meant when she said she'd wear it to meet her God in. But why had someone broken one of our kitchen plates and fitted two ugly cracked pieces of porcelain to her eyes? The rabbi said they were to shut out the unholy light of the earth. At this everyone began to wail and say things my grandmother could never hear. There was a gasp like a sudden rush of wind when the undertaker shut the coffin, and before anyone knew it, we were downstairs in the street, sitting in black carriages.

Ours was right behind the black hearse. The procession was slow until we reached the avenue, when the carriages bounced up and down the cobblestones as the horses made up for lost time.

"Such a dreadful ride," Mama said, "shows disrespect for the dead."

Papa let her talk.

"Everything in this crazy world is business."

Papa never answered.

"You're saying good-bye to your grandma for the last time."

I pretended not to hear.

"You should have let me take Helen. She's six and big enough."

"Mrs. Alpert is taking good care of the children," Papa answered finally.

The carriage swerved as it rounded a corner. I was lucky to be standing between Papa's knees; they kept me from falling frontways or sideways.

"They can't get her there fast enough," Mama said bitterly. She blew hard into her handkerchief and began to sob.

"A good name," Papa said, changing the subject, "is better than riches. She's leaving a good name."

"God make me worthy of her. And may our children live lives as clean and good and holy. Everyone had a good word for her and she never talked evil of anyone. Only last night she asked me to bathe her,

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and she talked as if her end was coming. But being old, she talked. Talked, I thought. Her hair was white and soft as a lamb's. And not a fleck on her body, and at her age too. Good and sweet as a lamb, Mama! Mama!"

"May we be worthy of her!" Papa said.

"And when it comes, dear God, and it'll come soon, I hope, Yussef, you'll let me name this one. I know this one was to be yours, but will you?"

I pricked up my ears at that. It couldn't be possible there was another baby on the way.

"My father has been gone for many

years and there's no one named for him," Papa said.

"But will you, this time, Yussef? I'm strong enough to bear you sons, and we'll name one for him, may he rest in peace!"

"Amen," my father said. "Ai, name him."

Mama smiled as she cried and said Grandma was alive in her.

But the baby wasn't born yet, so saying that was foolish.

I. L. Salomon is the author of a previous article, "Journey Toward the Light," in our Summer 1945 issue.

"YOU SHOULD MEET MY CHAUFFEUR!"

CHARLES H. NICHOLS, JR.

THE New England clubwoman has discovered the race problem. Workers at the local Urban League can attest to that, for it is they who are most frequently asked to speak to white groups on minority problems. Of course none of us is so sanguine as to think that this new interest in the Negro goes very deep; it is part of the average American's expanding though superficial interest in current affairs. But we, who bear the problem with us always, respond to the call to speak to this or that group in the faint hope that the seed will fall on good ground.

Again and again I have found myself speaking my piece before white audiences. My listeners are sympathetic, genteel. Though they differ in appearance and background, they are alike in being white, and they have come to do their bit for better race relations. Some of the women look as if they have run down to

Providence from Newport just for an amusing afternoon. Others have the hounded look of housewives who are hoping you won't speak too long so that they can get home before Johnny returns from school.

All show real interest in what you have to say about Negroes. Yet they reflect a middle-class, middle-of-the-road liberalism which eschews political action programs, social equality, and fair employment legislation. Whoever would gain their support must prepare their souls with care and deliberation. They will like you better if you speak well of Booker T. Washington; and, if you sanction his conciliatory approach to the problem, they will relax with the assurance that at least you are not an agitator. If you strengthen their prejudices with the many pat little formulas by which the racial situation is ordinarily explained, they will nod their

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agreement. They look for remarks like, "You can't expect the white people of the South to accept as their equals folks who, a few generations before, were their slaves!" A lecturer who represents the prejudice-is-innate-and-inevitable school of thought will find kindred spirits in the audience. They want to be told, "Some people are just prejudiced—unreasonably prejudiced. No amount of argument will convince them that Negroes as a group are not inferior to them." They can be easily persuaded that an outrage against Negroes in Columbia, Tennessee, is to be explained wholly as a violent result of the prejudice of "poor white trash." After all they know so many "respectable" southern white people. If the speaker gives lip service to the Christian platitudes, sleek faces will smile in sympathy. He need only close with an affirmation of the Negro's loyalty to America, and the applause will be deafening.

This is the recipe for a talk on the race problem if you wish the matron from Newport to leave your meeting amused and complacent.

But if you would galvanize her into action or challenge her a little, your task is more difficult. Often an honest, forthright presentation leaves you feeling like a dynamo that is trying to discharge into a non-conductor. I shall never forget the day I talked to the local chapter of the AAUW. It seemed to me, as I sat down with the applause ringing in my ears, that I was in rare form. Beginning with an appeal to the audience's belief in the American democratic creed, I had spoken of the normality of difference and of equality of opportunity. Then I presented some of those bitter facts of which white audiences are conveniently ignorant. I pointed out instances of job discrimination and residential segregation in Providence, calling attention to the rarity of flush toilets in the run-down Negro

ghetto. "Negro boys and girls cannot look forward to teaching school, or to nursing, or to getting a highly skilled job in Providence," I said. I described the way Negroes were humiliated by the local police. I dwelt upon the fact that the needs of all people are of equal importance, and called upon the audience to act. They were attentive throughout; I felt I had put something across.

Then my house of cards collapsed.

"Mr. Nichols, I enjoyed your talk so much. You know, I could never understand why people are so unkind to Negroes. I know so many sloppy white people!"

I suppose it is not until the meeting is over and you are sipping coffee and chatting that the ladies realize that what you've been saying is dynamite. It is then they get fearful that something is likely to explode their comfortable status quo. Usually they are unprepared for your suggestions for positive action because, after all, they came to be amused or to see exhibit "A," an educated Negro. Yet they gather around to be cordial and to show you how sympathetic they are.

"We have a member of your group in our household (the cook). She is one of the best loved members of our family!"

"You should meet my chauffeur. He is such an unusual Negro!"

"I just got through reading *Black Boy*. That man certainly can write; he must have some white blood in him."

"Of course there are Negroes trained to teach in our schools, but do you think we're ready for such a radical step?"

Every Negro just has to know someone who can do housework. A friend of mine, a Negro, was asked by a white acquaintance, "Can you tell me where I can get a maid?" To which my friend replied, with amazing aplomb, "I get mine at the Swedish agency. Have you tried there?"

The complacency, the lack of under-

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standing, the condescension—all the righteousness of these people—are like filthy rags. But their attitudes are important, so you must grin and bear their comments. When faced with the Negro who demands for his group immediate and full manhood status in America, the white audience responds in different ways. There are those whose remarks show they are essentially ignorant of what it means to be a Negro in America. They are a blow to a speaker's ego, for he will find he has not enlightened them particularly. Second, there are those who feel they must defend the vested interests and make apologies for the dominant group. Then there are the sentimental humanitarians, who think that things must be done for the benighted colored folks. I have yet to meet an audience that did not show by their remarks that they felt that all Negroes were uniformly inferior to them or an audience that was not fearful of rapid change. They almost always disapprove of Adam Clayton Powell, and usually they will tell you that Richard Wright is an agitator.

There was the lady who said to me, “Why do Negroes stay in the South?” Then there was the one who remarked with obvious concern, “Why don't Negroes clean up their neighborhoods? It would help them so much.”

On one occasion a Southerner rose and remarked irrelevantly, “There's no use denying that ‘nigras’ smell. They do!”

“Surely they aren't unique in that respect,” I said. “Haven't you ever traveled on the subway?”

There are always those who make remarks like:

“My experience has been that Negroes prefer to have their own usos, churches, and their own neighborhoods. Isn't that true?”

“Why must there be separate Negro

newspapers? They do more harm than good!”

“What do you think of intermarriage? Don't you think that's a real danger?”

“If I were a Negro, I'd be a Moses and lead my people out of this country.”

The middle-class white audience also likes to dwell upon the complexity of the problem. “You can't change it overnight,” they say. The answer to FEPC supporters is: “You can't legislate tolerance,” or “Surely employers have the right to choose their own employees.” Repeatedly I am told, “The South will not permit your approach to the race problem.” “It's not expedient to break down all the barriers now.” The landlords present never fail to remind me that the tax valuation of property drops when Negroes move into a neighborhood. (Then they settle back in their chairs as if the airing of that one fact closed the matter of residential segregation.) This group insists further that Negroes can get only what the white group concedes, forgetting that we are living in a considerably shrunken world where “white” people are not a majority. They forget, too, that the minority group does, by and large, have the white conscience on its side.

The sentimental humanitarians are the survivors of that paternalism that operated not only on the plantation, but also in northern missionary societies. To them the Negro is a childlike creature for whom charity is to be dispensed. They will fight a discriminatory law if it inconveniences their servants—the Negro or Negroes over whom they keep a kindly watch. In my own experience there was an elderly Quaker woman who invited me to her home for dinner. There she told me of having bought a house for her chauffeur because residential segregation made it impossible for him to live nearby. She

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was convinced that Negroes are innately more kindly than whites. By way of illustration she turned to an article in the *National Geographic* which described how kindly the "natives" of the Pacific area had treated American flyers downed on their island. Pointing to a picture of these dark people, she said, "They don't look very nice. They have no clothes on, but they do have intelligent faces, doesn't thee think?"

For the most part, this paternalistic group objects to any attempts to associate the race problem with the economics of capitalism. They almost never advocate political pressure. They prefer to set up interracial commissions and talk about our "getting on together." The chairman of one of Harlem's many interracial committees, for example, was in conversation with a Negro physician's wife. She said, "You know very well Harlem doesn't need an interracial committee. What Harlem needs is a self-respecting male in each household, and the way to have a self-respecting male in each household is to see that Negroes have jobs. The thing

to do is get in touch with the management of New York's industry and open up some job opportunities."

"Why, Mrs. S—," he replied flabbergasted, "I had no idea you were so bitter!"

The attitude of this group is summed up in the remark made to me after I had spoken to the Rhode Island chapter of the American Association of University Women. One of my listeners, just oozing goodwill, said: "I wrote a paper on Booker T. Washington when I was in college; I have always been so interested in your problem."

Charles H. Nichols, Jr., was graduated from Brooklyn College in 1942 and then taught at Hampton Institute for two years. He is now a Rosenwald Fellow working on his Ph.D. in English at Brown University. His doctoral dissertation will involve a study of slave narratives in their relation to anti-slavery propaganda, and he hopes eventually to publish an anthology of the narratives.

AMERICAN JAZZ ARTISTS

No music bears a more "American" stamp in the eyes of the world than jazz. Here as in most other fields of American endeavor the performers—whether band leaders or members—derive from a wide variety of racial and national backgrounds. And here, perhaps to a greater extent than elsewhere in American life, has racial derivation ceased to matter; men are artists working together.

Elizabeth Colman, the photographer of this cross-section of our jazz musicians, is Munich-born, of German Jewish extraction. She left Germany in '32 for Switzerland, lived there many years, and spent one year in Portugal. She came to the United States in 1941 and became an American citizen in July of this year. Before starting photography while in Switzerland, Miss Colman did journalistic and editorial work. Now a *New Yorker*, she specializes in portrait and documentary photography. Her *Portugal, Wharf of Europe*, was published by Scribner's in 1944, and her *Chinatown, USA*, by John Day in August of this year.

MINNEAPOLIS: THE CURIOUS TWIN

CAREY McWILLIAMS

THE REAL circuit rider of our times, a lecturer picks up some curious impressions on his one-night stands across the country. It would be more accurate, perhaps, to say that he collects "questions" rather than impressions on these arduous junkets. From lecture trips made in the last four years, I have stored up a number of queries of a sociological character. While these queries are based upon admittedly superficial impressions, nevertheless some of them possess, in my opinion, sufficient validity to warrant further investigation. The fresh curiosity of the uninitiated overnight visitor may compensate to some extent for lack of specific information and data. I have jotted down these notes, therefore, not in any dogmatic spirit, but rather to record an impression in the hope that, by doing so, I may stimulate a real answer from those who have the full facts. My question is: how is one to account for the divergent anti-Semitic patterns to be found in the twin cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis?

While the contrast is not of the black-and-white variety, the pattern of anti-Semitism is much more pronounced in Minneapolis than in St. Paul. One might even say, with a measure of justification, that Minneapolis is the capitol of anti-Semitism in the United States. In almost every walk of life, "an iron curtain" separates Jews from non-Jews in Minneapolis. Nor is this "iron curtain" a matter of recent origin; on the contrary, it seems to have always existed. So far as I know, Minneapolis is the only city in America in which Jews are, as a matter of practice

and custom, ineligible for membership in the service clubs. In fact, Jews have never been accepted into membership in the local Kiwanis, Rotary, Lions, or Toastmasters organizations. The same anti-Semitic bar, however, does not prevail in St. Paul. Even the Automobile Club in Minneapolis refuses to accept Jews as members. Mr. Hugh Craig, secretary of the club, recently declined to accept the application of a well-known and highly respected rabbi. So far as I know, there is not another automobile club in America which pursues a similar policy. At a recent meeting of the national realty boards, the Minneapolis delegation made much of the fact that Jews are not eligible for membership on the local realty board.

Years ago, a few Jews were accepted, as life members, in the Minneapolis Athletic Club. But the board of the club, contrary to a long established practice, has of recent years refused to recognize the transfer of these memberships to the sons of deceased members and has stated that it will not accept further Jewish applications. Many concerns in Minneapolis, notably some of the chain stores and Montgomery, Ward & Company, pursue a general policy of not interviewing Jewish applicants. Jews have experienced considerable difficulty in buying residential property in Minneapolis. I was informed by Mr. Douglas Hall, one of the leaders of the CIO in Minneapolis, that anti-Semitism has been a rather serious problem in the local trade unions.

The most striking aspect of anti-Semitism in Minneapolis, however, consists in

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the lack of significant Jewish participation in the dominant economic activities of the city. In milling, lumbering, transportation, private utilities, banking, insurance, and, even to a degree in the field of department-store merchandising, Jews do not figure as an important element. Despite the fact that a sizable Jewish community has existed in Minneapolis for many years, Jews have not acquired an economic position comparable to that which they occupy in other cities of approximately the same size. Perhaps as a consequence of this community-wide pattern, the Jewish community in Minneapolis is highly introverted,—bound up in a maze of purely Jewish activities. While Jews participate in local civic affairs, they are seldom represented on the boards of civic organizations. That local residents, seeking to minimize this statement, should emphasize the fact that a Jew was recently selected as head of the Council of Social Agencies, merely underscores the existence of a general exclusionist policy. With the exception of an alderman elected from a predominantly Jewish district, there are no Jewish officeholders in Minneapolis (although there are approximately 20,000 Jewish residents). Political anti-Semitism came to the surface in Minneapolis in 1938 and was a definite factor in the defeat of the Farmer-Labor Party. Commenting on this situation, a local resident significantly observed: "those of us who worked closely at the capitol understand all too well that the type of Jews who were associated with Benson did a great deal in setting back all the efforts which had been made in building up respect and admiration for the race" (emphasis mine).

Certainly these impressions indicate the existence in Minneapolis of a deep-seated and widespread pattern of anti-Semitism which is not to be found, in similar detail or intensity, in St. Paul.

What is behind this pattern? How account for the divergence? On a recent visit to Minneapolis, I posed these, and a number of related questions, to a group of well-informed, long-resident observers: some from the labor movement; some active in left-wing politics; a prominent local rabbi; an extremely intelligent Jewish lawyer; some prominent civic leaders; a local newspaper publisher; and some Negro residents. From their answers, I have pieced together something in the nature of a tentative hypothesis in the hope that the whole question will some day be systematically explored.

While Minneapolis has more than its share of active anti-Semites, the "iron curtain" pattern can hardly be explained in terms of their activities. The Saturday church pages of the local press are full of advertisements placed by local pulpit-thumping fundamentalists, many of whom are anti-Semitic. The Northwest Bible School, a local fundamentalist academy, has been accused of being a training school in anti-Semitism. Recently the "Mothers of Minnesota" resumed distribution of anti-Semitic documents, pamphlets, and leaflets. In W. D. Riley, William D. Herrstrom, C. O. Stadsklev, Arthur Pachofsky, and the Rev. Luke Rader, Minneapolis has a coterie of anti-Semitic rabble-rousers who can always be counted upon to work up interest in and attendance for Gerald L. K. Smith's meetings in the "Truth and Liberty Temple" operated by Stadsklev. But the pattern of anti-Semitism in Minneapolis long predates the activities of these men. While keeping anti-Semitism alive at the lower status levels, the Raders and Herrstroms are obviously manipulating a pattern which exists in the structure of the community itself. In part the activities of these weird prophets is to be accounted for in terms of the maxim "monkey sees, monkey does."

In the twin cities, religious and ethnic backgrounds are closely related. Catholics of Irish and German background constitute a large element in the population of St. Paul. In years past, the Catholics in St. Paul functioned within the framework of a minority psychology, that is, they knew what it was to be singled out as a minority for attack by nativistic elements. Also, the Catholics in St. Paul produced some outstanding clerical leaders who are credited with having taken an active part in opposing nativistic movements. Jews accompanied the German and Czech immigrants to St. Paul and, as early immigrants, became a part of the rapidly growing community. Most of the early Jewish immigrants to Minneapolis, on the other hand, were of Russian or Polish background. More important than the difference in nationality origin, however, is the circumstance that a sizable Jewish community existed in St. Paul twenty-five years before there was a Minneapolis. This difference in time of arrival, in relation to the growth of the two communities, in part accounts for the difference in status between the two Jewish communities.

The Scandinavian element is much more important in Minneapolis, of course, than in St. Paul, and this element is predominantly Lutheran. Without being able to verify the fact, I was told that Lutherans constitute about one-third of the church population of Minneapolis. Unlike the German and Czech immigrants to St. Paul, the Scandinavians had little experience or familiarity with Jews and no Jewish elements accompanied them to Minneapolis. The Lutherans apparently draw a sharp distinction between secular affairs and theological preoccupations. They consistently seek to keep secular affairs out of the church. Most of my informants were agreed that the Lutheran element in Minneapolis seems to be

somewhat withdrawn and cloistered. For example, when Brotherhood Week is proclaimed, silence on the subject of brotherhood usually prevails in the Lutheran churches. This is not to imply that the Lutherans have an "anti" psychology (I was offered impressive evidence to the contrary). But it would seem that their tendency toward non-participation in civic affairs, as an organized group, has created a kind of vacuum which makes possible the continuance of an anti-Semitic pattern. Obviously, religious and nationality factors, closely related, have some bearing on the divergent attitude toward Jews in the twin cities; but these factors do not explain the peculiar pattern in Minneapolis.

It seemed to me that the Jewish lawyer advanced the most tenable hypothesis about anti-Semitism in Minneapolis. While Minneapolis is the younger community, it has grown much more rapidly than St. Paul. When Minneapolis first began to surge forward as a thriving center of economic activity, "people from Maine"—migrating New England Yankees of a Protestant Anglo-Saxon background—were among the early arrivals and quickly acquired a strong grasp on the major industries of the community, a grasp which they continue to maintain. I was given an impressive listing of the long-dominant "first families" who occupy the key control positions in banking, finance, milling, transportation, lumbering, merchandising, etc. With rare exceptions, the significant economic fields have remained the exclusive province of these interrelated families, as augmented, from time to time, by new recruits, new alliances, new family affiliations and relationships. Arriving on the scene at a somewhat later date, the Scandinavians came to occupy the intermediate rung on the socio-economic ladder. While they have done well in agriculture, the trades,

and the professions, and, of recent years, in politics, they have still not been able to penetrate the upper-upper social levels. On a visit to the city hall in Minneapolis, my attention was called to the portraits of the mayors of the city. From the beginning of the city to a comparatively recent date, the names of these august dignitaries were unmistakably Anglo-Saxon. Only of recent years does a Scandinavian name begin to appear and, of course, there were no Jewish names. On the other hand, Jews have occupied the position of mayor in St. Paul.

Here, then, is something like an explanation: a community in which a limited number of large-scale industries constitute the backbone of the economic life of the area; early monopolization of these industries by a single tightly affiliated element in the population; and the use, by this element, of social, economic, and, later, political anti-Semitism as a means of opposing any threat to their status, more particularly for the purpose of retaining a preferred social position. Once established at the highest levels of economic control, the pattern has sifted down and been repeated, by suggestion and imitation, at the middle class, lower class, and working class levels. Thus the attitude toward Jews in Minneapolis reflects not so much an ethnocentric group-judgment or even a judgment on individual behavior, but rather the status structure of the community itself. This is shown by reference to the contrasting situation in St. Paul, where, by reason of a combination of circumstances, a segment of the Jewish population came to occupy high rungs in the socio-economic system before this system had crystallized into its present status structure. The offensive-defensive alliance of the upper-upper elements in Minneapolis is shown in the famous Citizens Alliance which, until the great teamsters' strike in the

'30s, kept Minneapolis an open-shop town. It is also shown in the attitude of James J. Hill, a great figure in the North Star Country. According to Meridel Le Sueur, Hill had "certain ideas about how a country should be settled and what nationalities should be brought over for certain functions. His agents brought over the Irish in carloads for the building of the railroads; the German and Scandinavians for farmers and small shopkeepers; the middle Europeans—the Croatians, the Slavs, the Lithuanians, and also the Finns—for the mines on the Mesabi." Essentially this same pattern repeats itself elsewhere in America, with religious-ethnic-nationality variations providing a basis for the manipulation of group differences but seldom accounting for the social stratification along these lines which has resulted.

Slight wonder, then, that the Jewish community of Minneapolis, by comparison with other urban Jewish communities of comparable size, shows evidence of social retardation. From this comparative point of view, the Jewish community of Minneapolis constitutes a depressed element in the population and the powers-that-be obviously intend, if possible, to maintain this status. On the other hand, Jews were among the first arrivals in San Francisco after 1849, and the Jewish community there, roughly comparable in size if not in length of residence, has won an extremely wide measure of social acceptance in all walks of life. In fact, the upper-upper Jewish families of San Francisco are among the first families in a community in which anti-Semitic patterns have long been virtually non-existent. That religious and ethnic differences are not in themselves a cause of group antagonism is shown by the circumstance that the Jewish communities, in cities like San Francisco and St. Paul, are relatively free from the odious social restric-

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tions and limitations which exist in Minneapolis.

At present the chronic anti-Semitism of Minneapolis is in a state of crisis: the area of anti-Semitic practice must, by the very nature of such practices, be expanded or it will begin to show signs of modification. For example, some of the institutions which admittedly practice anti-Semitism in Minneapolis have begun to worry about the reciprocal aspect of their relations with similar institutions in nearby St. Paul. Visiting Jews who belong to service organizations with branches in Minneapolis have become a source of considerable local embarrassment. As a consequence, some Minneapolis organizations have suggested to their St. Paul affiliates that a quota be placed on Jewish members or that Jews be altogether excluded. It is interesting to note that many of the service clubs in Minneapolis which have traditionally excluded Jews are affiliated with national organizations which have long boasted that their membership is open to all, regardless of creed. One wonders, therefore, how long it will be before these national organizations begin to exert pressure on the Minneapolis fox-holes of anti-Semitism.

A close study of the comparative position of Jews in Minneapolis and St. Paul would, as I have tried to indicate, pay some real research dividends. Only a visiting lecturer would be foolhardy enough to anticipate the conclusions of such a study. For what the impression may be worth, however, I am willing to venture a few anticipations. Such a study would demonstrate, I believe, the social origin of group antagonisms. It would sharply call in question the ethnocentric explanation of such antagonisms premised upon an innate "dislike for the unlike." (See, for example, *One America*, the source-book edited by Messrs. Brown and Rou-

cek, where this theory, and its misleading implications, have been carried to extreme conclusions.) It would demonstrate that stereotypes exist independently of, and have little relation to, the actual experiences of the individual. With prejudice defined "as a type of stereotype which does not coincide with the facts," our proposed study would show, as Dr. Ronald Lippitt has pointed out, that "the data which shed most light on the real nature of prejudice are to be found in analysis of the conditions under which these distorted stereotypes arise, persist, or are changed" (italics mine: see *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*, March, 1946, pp. 166-176). It would show, in short, that the tendency so noticeable today in the field of "intercultural education" to regard an abstract something called "prejudice" as a universal innate aspect of individual behavior—in much the same manner as theologians regard "original sin"—is likely to prove most misleading. As Dr. Frederic Wertham said recently, in criticizing a similar tendency noticeable among present-day psychoanalysts, "the contradictions of reality can be so detached from their social matrix that they become merely abstract and logical conflicts of a fictitious individuality in splendid isolation."

Carey McWilliams needs no introduction to CG readers or to anyone interested in American group relations. His most recent book, *Southern California Country*, was published by Duell, Sloan and Pearce last spring.

This discussion introduces what COMMON GROUND hopes will be a series of articles analyzing various American cities where the situation of so-called "minority groups" is either very bad or very good.

PAPA ANDREYSHEVSKI

IRENE M. DURFOS

NO MATTER how fiercely he chewed or how rigidly he kept his black eyes fixed on his plate, the empty place at the table made Papa Andreyshevski uneasy. Like a gap in an otherwise perfect set of teeth, the absence snagged his attention and would not be put aside.

He wiped his fingers on the front of his men's medium-weight, size 48, union suit, then brushed back his heavy mustache. At the other end of the long table Mama Andreyshevski sat calmly buttering potato pancake with one hand, the other restraining the six-month-old Mitya's spirited lurching, seemingly unaware of Papa's irritation. The suppressed uneasiness swelled his voice to a shout as he asked, "Where is Tasha?"

Without glancing up, Mama said, "You know as much as I do. She has not yet come back from school." As always, Mama's quiet voice made Papa feel like a blustering overgrown schoolboy, but now his fear drove him on.

"She is with that fella, that's where she is," he said accusingly. His heavy eyebrows came down and his mustache rose. "What she sees in him! At his age I could work like four horses. I could pick up two hundred pounds like it was nothing. Him!" he snorted. "If he carries her books home, he has to rest. All day long he picks up nothing bigger than pencils, and still she spends her time with him when she should be home helping with the housework."

"Igor, not with the fingers." Mama's voice broke into the list of comparisons

all favorable to Papa. Papa glanced to his left at the fourteen-year-old Igor and clouted him firmly on his solid, bullet-shaped head to show he was backing Mama. Igor understood and merely grinned at his father revealing large white teeth. Papa wiped his plate with a piece of bread, glanced around the table, waited for his family's undivided attention, and made his pronouncement. "Children," he said, "should be home where they belong." Even to his ears the statement seemed a little flat, since all the children were home except the one for whom the speech was made.

It was a family well worth pride. The boys, Igor fourteen, Boris twelve, Peter eleven, Ivan six, were all strongly built, with the look of health about them. Brown-eyed and rosy-cheeked, they all had their hair clipped as close to the bone as was possible without an actual scalping. This saved money on hair cuts and required no combing. Just now, Boris and Peter were engaged in an under-the-table battle of shins, Ivan was pounding the table with his spoon, while the twins, Gregory and Alexandra, listened to the discussion with all the concentration that eight years, fatigue, and full stomachs can give. Light brown curling hair tumbling over moist foreheads and large brown eyes shining through tangled black lashes gave them the look of tired sunflowers. They rested their chins on the table and concentrated. Under his layer of mush, it was impossible to tell what Mitya looked like, but his violent, if

unco-ordinated activity betokened no underlying anemias.

Papa Andreyshevski's eyes rested last on Mama. To look at her it seemed impossible that so many large, vitally charged children could have taken their source from this small, thin, sandy-haired woman. That is, impossible until she looked at you with her steady darkly blue eyes that seemed to reduce everything—even Papa—to its simplest terms.

Tasha is like her mother, thought Papa. Maybe that's why I love her and am afraid of her, too. All these others, they are like me, strong like the earth, but Mama and Tasha are things of the sky, like clouds, beautiful to look at but melting under the touch. Twenty years since I brought her here, and I am still afraid of losing her.

The opening door broke into Papa's reverie. Even the twins raised their heads at Tasha's entry. In her red sweater she moved like a flame through the dark room with the oilcloth-covered table, heavy with the scent of boiled cabbage—slim, with Papa's black hair crisp and curling around her finely cut white face, and with Mama's blue eyes.

"Sit down," said Papa, brushing up his mustache. He raised his finger and opened his mouth, but it was Mama who spoke.

"Papa, this I will take care of. Children, finish eating."

Papa watched Mama from under his eyebrows as she wiped off Mitya's face and handed him to Igor to be put to bed. Peter and Boris rubbed sleeves across their faces, grabbed sweaters, and charged out into the evening. Boris' aching shins cried for justice but at a suitable distance from the house. Papa had barely time to open his arms as the twins hurled themselves at him and demanded to be told their favorite story of his ex-

ploits among the fierce wolves of the Carpathian Mountains.

Mama was saying, "Eat, Natasha, and then we will clear the table."

"I'm not hungry, Mama."

Tasha avoided Papa's eyes and busily scraped and stacked the dishes in the sink at the far corner of the big kitchen. She poured the water from the kettle in a steaming arc over the pile, pushed up her sleeves another inch, and started on the glasses. Watching her, Papa saw that all these movements were mechanical, felt with sudden pain that she was as blind to him as to the work at hand. He heard Mama's cough and caught her signal dismissing him. He rose and, taking his cap from the hook behind the door, hesitated a moment, then left, closing the door quietly behind him.

Ever since Tasha had been in that play, she had been different, he thought as he followed the uneven path to the main road. Before that she was happy. Quieter than the others, but not so—so tied up. Like down in the mine when your lamp goes out and the darkness presses in from all sides and you stand very still so that the fear cannot find you. At the top of the hill he looked down on the straggling row of houses. All the same, the color of rusted tin, with sagging front porches hung with wash tubs. Well, he could not afford better. But only four months ago he had sat in the audience down at the high school and heard people clap and clap for his Tasha. Maybe that was what was wrong. Maybe what she wanted was people like those all around him that night. They wore good clothes, maybe had been to college; they seemed to know what was going to happen before it was acted on the stage. What fun could it be to know in advance what the actors would do? But

they all thought Tasha was wonderful, and Tasha was his. This boy was probably one of those people, but whoever he was, why had he never come to the house and shown his face?

Fifteen minutes later, he was sitting on a chair tilted back against the counter in Conrad's delicatessen.

"She is just like her Mama, Conrad," he was saying to the short, globular man behind the counter. "You say do this, and she does that. But now it is some young fella she thinks she is in love with. Well and good. But bring him home where we can all get a look at him! No! Late from school, silence around the house, no joking, no laughing." Moodily Papa dipped his hand into the barrel by his side and lifted a dripping chartreuse pickle which he waved at Conrad like a baton. "And," he continued, "if I say something, she looks at me like I am the slag from the mine and not fit to put her feet on."

He divided the pickle into two even bites, put the last bite into his mouth, chewed juicily for a while, then went on, "Just like her mother." While Conrad finished making entries in the ledger, Papa wiped his fingers on a huge blue handkerchief with white polka dots on it, crossed his legs, and swung his foot in an energy of suppressed irritation. He burst out again, "In the Old Country when I won my Katya, there was a musician who wanted her too. I had to beat him within an inch of his life to make him go away." He sighed heavily. "But I don't think I could keep my Tasha that way."

Conrad slammed his book shut. "Those Petroffs, owing seventeen-fifty and buying caviar! The little black ones, not so good as the gray, but still expensive. Nobody worries about bills these days." He leaned over the counter and adjusted his woven straw cuffs designed to protect

his sleeves. "Have you tried beating him?" he asked, a little slyly.

The chair thumped to the floor. Papa's mustache and eyebrows seemed destined to meet, then flew apart. "No, no, I have never seen him, but my Boris tells me he is the son of the manager of the Company Store."

The two men smoked in silence.

"Well," said Conrad after a time, getting the checker board from under the counter, "why don't you wait a little and see what happens?"

Papa lost two games straight and was obviously preoccupied with problems other than those of the checker board. When he lost the fourth game without one word concerning Conrad's checker ethics, his friend looked at him and said, "Well, why don't you talk to her and get it off your mind? This way you are good for nothing. My five-year-old Lizzie could do better. If you had moved your king here, you could have had these three here, and here, and here."

"No good," said Papa. "Maybe she is ashamed of us. Maybe she thinks he is too good for us."

Conrad grunted. He got two cans of beer from the ice box and set up the glasses. "Why not let your wife handle it? After all, women were not meant to be understood except by their mothers." He swallowed his beer. "Maybe," he added, as an afterthought.

Walking homeward through the soft night, Papa almost wished he were down in the mine. You swung your pick and hit deep into the solid coal, and you knew what you had to do and how it was to be done. This thing gave no work for the hands, troubled the mind, and was empty of satisfaction. Conrad was right. This job was for Mama. He swung around the house and came up through the back yard.

PAPA ANDREYSHEVSKI

The other people in the row, standing in their back doorways, threw their dish water out in a silver gray arc, giving to their back yards the appearance of a partially reclaimed swamp; but the Andrey-shevskis always walked down to the creek with theirs, for in their yard purple asters grew. They needed watering, and Papa made a mental note of it.

The light was on in the kitchen, and Mama sat knitting, her back straight, her

"Love finds everything beautiful," Mama interrupted. "So it is with our Tasha. She loves this boy very much and he thinks she is very beautiful, but she does not want him to see her in this house or as part of this house which is not beautiful." Mama's voice grew more firm and the needles clicked faster.

"If he loved her, do you think he would care that we are poor?" There was more than a hint of scorn in Papa's voice.



face half lost in shadow. She glanced up at him as he came in and sat down heavily at the table.

"Well," he said, "has our daughter fallen in love with a prince or the son of a prince that she cannot bring him here to the house? Boris says he is the son of the Company manager—a clerk."

"Not a clerk, Papa, a student of medicine."

"Is that a reason for hiding his face? Why doesn't he come here openly? What is he afraid of?"

Mama's needles clicked, and her blue eyes seemed very far away. She said softly, "Papa, do you remember when you asked for my hand long ago? You brought me a bunch of violets because you said they were just like my eyes, but when I said yes, you turned around and ran and you never even gave them to me."

"Well, I—"

Mama glanced at Papa briefly. Then, gathering up her knitting, she said quietly, "Papa, come here."

Taking his hand she led him to the front of the house to the living room. Together they stood in the doorway. Mama reached out and turned the switch on a lamp made of a warty-looking star fish. The dim light revealed a large, shabbily papered room with black, lumpy furniture filling the corners, while across the center table a scarf that Igor had won on a wheel at a carnival glowed like a drunken rainbow.

"You see," said Mama, "with him it is very different. They have a library of their own. Big and filled with books and silence. All their walls are painted; even the bathroom. His father is like that, too, concerning himself only with books and peace."

"But we are working people," said

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Papa. "I cannot afford anything like that. You know," he said, his voice growing thick with restraint, "that I would buy you a house as big as the Czar's palace if I had the money."

Mama smiled gently. "I know. This boy's mother was not happy in her house. She was young and pretty and there was too much of quiet, so she left her husband and her little boy. She has not seen him since he was twelve and went away to school."

Papa shifted his weight to the other foot, sighing heavily. "Well, what shall we do?"

"He is coming here," said Mama, turning off the light. "Maybe we can learn to understand each other. Do you know, I think he must have been a very lonely little boy."

"Did she tell you his name?" called Papa after Mama's retreating figure.

"Shh—" said Mama. "You'll wake the children. His name is Alan, he is blond like his mother, and he catches cold very easily." Mama chuckled. "Already she worries about his health."

Exactly a week from that date, Tasha stayed home from school in the afternoon, and the Andreyshevski house was cleaned from top to bottom. Complaining bitterly, the boys were put to cleaning the basement; all the bedding was aired; every dish in the house was washed; the dog had a bath. Mitya, cooped up all afternoon to keep him out of the way, glared through the bars of his play pen. If a rich relative were to have been a house guest for the week-end, preparations could not have been more thorough. Tasha was everywhere, doing everything, finding fault with everything. The little used dining room was thrown open, and the fine linen tablecloth with Mama's crocheting along the edges was brought out, napkins placed, Mama's

silver from the Old Country laid, and the boys lined up and drilled on table manners.

All afternoon, the back room was like the steam chamber in some athletic club, with what seemed like numberless grubby little boys going in and their gleaming counterparts emerging. At seven o'clock, two hours past the time they usually ate, Papa and the boys were violently quiet. The boys had been scrubbed raw, par-boiled, starved, and insulted. Now they stood in little groups, in clean white shirts, their stubbly hair freshly coated with water because it dried so quickly



and stood straight up. The twins in starched jumpers kept watch at the door.

Tasha's constant reminders to Papa to keep his voice down put an edge on his temper sharper than the one on his razor. His chin looked red and sore above his stiff white collar; the mustaches, waxed, pointed east and west. His feet hurt in the

tight new shoes, but he refused to sit down and spoil the crease in his trousers till Alan arrived. He looked glistening but unhappy.

Mama was lovely in a soft violet dress that deepened the color of her eyes, the excitement bringing a flush to her cheeks. She and Tasha had frequent whispered conferences. Tasha herself was dressed in blue, her hair tied loosely in a cherry red ribbon; she looked as transient and fragile as a blossom.

The rattle and cough of a tired motor stopping before the door brought the boys galloping to the front of the house. Papa shouted them back and strode to the door himself. Mama gave the potatoes a final whip and removed her apron. Tasha's hand went to her throat and her eyes went darker still.

A young man of medium height, hatless, wearing a blue suit, came up the rickety steps and stood smiling in the doorway. Papa cleared his throat and said, "Come in, come in," in his heavy bass. He did not offer his hand. The young man dropped his half-raised one and said, "Hello."

Mama brushed past Papa and took Alan's arm, drawing him gently into the room. Tasha broke free of her trance and took his other arm. She said "Papa—Mama—this is Alan Carney." Mama looked at him and smiled. Papa nodded. From the cool note in Tasha's voice he knew she was going to pass over him as lightly as possible. Him! The head of the family! Tasha went on, "The boys' names you can learn later." The boys glared resentfully. Nothing less than a captain of the Cold Stream Guards in full-dress uniform would have made amends for what they had endured. They swirled around the central group and started into the dining room to seat themselves when a muted growl from Papa stopped them. The movement

served to break the awkward silence, and Mama and Tasha moved Alan to the table. Tasha seated Alan on Papa's right; the boys all took their accustomed places, except that Mitya's highchair was placed at Papa's left. Mama went to get the remainder of the food, closely followed by Tasha, and Alan was left to Papa and the boys.

He looked at Papa and said, "I'm glad of the opportunity to meet you, sir."

Papa looked at Alan and said nothing. He had caught the warning in Tasha's glance as she disappeared into the kitchen, as if he were going to eat the boy. So he said nothing.

The boys too all looked at Alan and said nothing. The silence thickened like gruel. Papa saw Alan run a finger around his collar, then look down at his hands. He searched in his mind for something to say when a light childish voice broke the stillness: "We're having chicken." Papa heard the nervous tension in Alan's laugh as Alexandra took up the conversation.

"We're hungry. Are you? Papa says you have chicken every day. Do you?"

"No, just on special occasions." Alan cleared his throat. Papa and the boys listened intently.

"Well, you're rich. You have a car, and rich people have cars, and rich people eat chicken every day."

"I'm not rich," said Alan desperately. "As a matter of fact I'm almost always broke, and I just borrowed the car from a friend of mine."

"If you're not rich, why do you want to take our sister away?" Boris took up the attack.

"I don't want to take her away. I just want to—to—" He glanced around him and met Papa's eyes. "Look here, sir, I love Tasha, and I want to marry her as soon as I get out of medical school. If you don't like me I'm sorry, but you

might give me a chance." Something like sympathy flickered in Papa's eyes for a moment and he started to speak, but just then Mama appeared in the doorway with a covered dish and the spell was broken.

Papa turned to watch Tasha follow her mother, and the meal began in earnest. His mind went back thirty years, when he too had sat at a table, nervous and apprehensive, under the icy stare of the short gray-haired man at the head of the table. Mama had been a great help to him then, encouraging him with her glance, calming him with her quiet voice. He glanced at Alan who was looking at Tasha, but Tasha seemed preoccupied with her plate. He knew that Mama had been watching, too, for he heard her say gently, "Will you have more peas?"

He thought Alan would refuse and felt vaguely surprised and betrayed when Alan turned to Mama as to an old friend and said, shoveling great mounds of peas onto his plate, "You know I've wanted Tasha to let me meet you for a long time. You're a lot like her." His tone implied this was a compliment.

Mama smiled. "We've wanted to meet you, too. You're studying to be a doctor?"

"Doctors kill people," said Peter.

Before Alan could voice a denial, Boris faced his brother with, "What do you know about doctors? You never had nothin'." He turned to Alan. "I have the smallpox." He watched Alan's face carefully. "See?" Turning back the cuff of his shirt, he exhibited a brown forearm with four scratches on it.

"He's a liar," said Peter comfortably. "He got it from a chicken."

"I am not a liar!" shouted Boris.

The quarrel was interrupted by a sharp "Boris!" from Papa. He started to rise and restore order, but he knocked

the bowl from Mitya's chair. It might have been a signal. Mitya, tired and bored, wailed at the top of his voice. Peter and Boris took up the argument in shrill tones, the dog appeared from under the table and barked as though demented. Papa shouted for quiet and picked up the twins, one in each arm.

"We like you," shouted Gregory over Papa's broad shoulder. Alexandra nodded, smiling. "Even if you're not rich." They disappeared with Papa up the stairs. The boys pushed back their chairs and ran from the room. Tasha, her face set in stony silence, picked up the still howling Mitya and followed Papa upstairs. Papa heard Mama say to Alan, with a smile in her voice, "Besides, the Jello didn't set!"

Papa struggled between anger and laughter. In a way, it would be a good thing to see how the boy reacted. The twins squirmed and begged for a story, but Papa was listening to the sudden quiet downstairs and hushed them fiercely.

He heard Alan say, "Let me help you clean up."

"No, no, I'll take care of it."

"Please. I wait on table at school, you know, and they trust me with their dishes." Papa could not see them, but he knew they were smiling. Well, the boy did have a nice smile. •

But he could not stay upstairs forever, so he came down with deliberate heaviness, surveyed the two at the sink, and announced his intention of going out. He eyed Alan doubtfully for a moment, then said, "Good night, Mr. Carney." If he did not shake hands, his voice had lost some of its truculence. He felt tired and defeated and in need of diversion.

Later, over the checker board, he confided to Conrad, "I don't know. He has spirit. He spoke right up and said he wanted to marry her as soon as he got

out of school." Conrad captured two of Papa's men. Papa went on, "And do you know what he was doing when I left?" Conrad advanced a king and captured three more of Papa's checkers.

"No, what?"

"Drying the dishes! That's what. Not a man's work certainly, but would he do



it if he thought he was too good for us?"

Conrad yawned. "A man will do anything once."

Papa chewed his mustache and turned his mind to the game, but he felt troubled and uncertain.

Two weeks later, trouble became actual confusion. On coming off the day shift at the mine, he saw Alan waiting for him at the entrance.

"Hello, Mr. Andreyshevski. Mind if I walk with you?"

Papa nodded stiffly. They walked in silence for two or three blocks. Then Alan opened the conversation by clearing his throat and asking, "Mr. Andrey-

shevski, do you object to my calling on Tasha?"

"Object! What have I to do with it? If she wants to go with you—she goes with you."

"But you don't like it." He hesitated a moment. "Why?"

"Because we are different," Papa said sharply. "All my life I have worked with my hands. I teach my sons to do the same. We live in the row down there, and my English is not good, and I forget to use the napkin. But everything I make, I make honest, and no one is going to think that my wife or my daughter is not as good as the next one because we are poor or because my name is Andreyshevski. Your father is a Company man and wears every day a shirt like the one I wear on Sunday. You live up there away from the mine and you come down to the row for a girl. What would you think?" Papa looked at Alan and spat into the dusty road.

"I see. Will you listen to my side of it?" Alan sounded both determined and disheartened. "My father is a Company man, that's true. At least he works for the Company. Since my mother left, that's all there is to do. Someone has to do it, and he does it like you do your work. He couldn't do yours and you couldn't and probably wouldn't want to do his. It's work, and it has to be done, and you are neither above nor below him."

He paused, then went on. "I met Tasha at school right after the senior play, and I didn't know who her father was or what kind of work he did. And I don't care how you spell your name. I fell in love with her just as she is. As a matter of fact, I didn't even know where she lived until a little while ago."

Papa kept his eyes rigidly on the road. Alan went on, "My father and mother were divorced when I was twelve. I don't

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even know where my mother is at the moment. I was at your home and I liked it, the solidity of it, the way you stick together. I've never really had a home or a family. I liked the feeling of life around me. I've always been lonesome, I guess. I don't think it below me to work my way through school, and believe me, I'll have to work until I can support her. You probably know that I haven't seen her since that night, and I'm not going to try until I've had this thing out with you. Don't be a snob, sir, please. Is it a deal?"

Papa stopped marching and looked him over, then marched on with grim, solid tread as if he would march through brick walls rather than change his course. They had nearly reached the row; the houses were more poorly built; and, if they did not actually sag, they were choosing which way to lean. Papa could feel the tension in the boy when he stopped again and looked at him from top to bottom: the shoes with the knot in one of the laces, the trousers with the bulges at the knees the size and shape of grapefruit, the sports jacket. His eyes x-rayed the padded shoulders, traveled up to the pale face with the gray eyes, stopped, and bored like a dentist's

drill. A grin split the dusty blackness of his face.

He could hardly control the laughter in his voice as he asked, "If I beat you, would you go away and leave her alone?"

Alan looked Papa in the eye. "I would not," he said firmly, then hesitated. "Would you care to try, sir?"

Papa's laugh boomed out, bringing the twins running down the street. He put out his hand and Alan took it. They shook hands firmly.

"Come to supper tomorrow night," said Papa, turning into the yard. "In the kitchen," he shouted over his shoulder as Alan's figure disappeared around the corner.

Papa caressed his mustache, then blew on his fingers. A little brains wouldn't hurt. Besides, to have a doctor in the family would be a fine thing.

He scooped up a twin in each arm and went contentedly into the house.

After Indiana University and travel over the United States, Irene M. Durfos joined the Cadet Nurse Corps, from which she will be graduated in September.

The illustrations are by Bernadine Custer.

WHAT WE WANT IS ACTION

ELIS M. TIPTON

LET'S quit talking and do something! What we want is action!" yelled Alfonso Mendoza, pounding the conference table. There was a momentary pause after this outburst. Then all started talking at once, some agreeing without reservation, some

arguing for more careful planning before going into action. The occasion was the regular meeting of a group of young Americans of Mexican parentage in San Dimas, California. These young men and women had organized in 1940 for the

purpose of studying the causes of rapidly mounting tension, in school and community, between children of Mexican descent and "the Americans."

Action was imperative. The many months of discussion had not been in vain, however; for the group had succeeded in interpreting to the school, for the first time, the point of view of the children from Mexican homes. In addition, the young people had gained a clearer grasp of their own problems and a better understanding of their community.

This community, a small citrus-growing district in Los Angeles County, has a population of approximately 3,000. About twenty per cent are Mexicans and Americans of Mexican descent. They form the only appreciable minority group. Brought in by the local citrus associations to solve the problem of a labor shortage during World War I, they were housed in a company-owned colony, separate from the rest of the community. At first they were content to live apart, for huddling together gave them a sense of security in the strange new land.

Because it was then believed that English could best be taught to Spanish-speaking children by placing them in separate classes, the Mexican children were segregated in the school. As soon as a child had acquired a reasonable command of English, however, he was placed in a regular classroom. A friendly attitude prevailed toward these children, and they were among the most courteous and tractable in the school.

As jobs became scarce in the postwar period, tension arose between Mexicans and Americans, especially in the citrus packing houses. A series of unfortunate incidents widened the gap of misunderstanding which several groups, among them the Ku Klux Klan, had created. Americans took over all packing-house

jobs, leaving the Mexicans the harder and more poorly paid ones in the groves. Finally a cry arose for a separate school for children of Mexican descent.

A small frame building was erected for them behind the "American School" but on the same grounds. In time, largely in the interest of financial and administrative efficiency, seventh and eighth grade pupils were admitted to the "American School." These pupils had no feeling of security, however, and no sense of belonging to the larger school from which they had been barred for six years. At intermissions they played largely with the younger children of the "Mexican School," whose meager athletic equipment did not satisfy the older boys. Conflicts between "those Mexicans" and "the Americans" were of almost daily occurrence. During the period just preceding our entry into World War II, feeling ran high and gang fights were frequent.

Mexican American children felt they were not given a square deal because equipment was not equitably distributed and because many teachers always took "the part of the Americans against us Mexicans." Their chief cause of bitterness, however, was the segregated building and all that it implied.

Over a period of years the school council had endeavored to solve the vexatious problems. But the situation finally became so distressing that Mexican American children suggested that older relatives who could speak English well should be invited to a conference to discuss the problems. So eager were these young people to help the children that a permanent discussion club was formed.

They began by examining the attitudes of the Mexican American children and the conditions out of which those attitudes grew. They tried to view the situation objectively. They were willing to admit that most teachers tried to be fair.

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They felt, however, that some shared the anti-Mexican prejudices of the community to such an extent that the Mexican American children sensed their attitude and built up hostile attitudes in return. They readily admitted that too many of the children interpreted as slurs and insults what was intended merely as constructive criticism and, as a result, had acquired a chip-on-the-shoulder attitude. All agreed that the children were hypersensitive, that many were becoming insufferably rude and aggressive. On the other hand, the group felt that the school had not made any effective effort to understand the root causes of the anti-social behavior, and that the parents lacked the education and experience either to understand the causes or to help the children make a satisfactory adjustment.

In fact many parents unwittingly added to the frustration and mental confusion of their children. The school stressed regular attendance and the importance of getting an education, yet parents often kept children out of school to work or to run errands. Boys were persuaded to quit school to work and girls to help at home, sometimes in defiance of attendance laws. Experience in the community had taught parents that an uneducated Mexican earned his living by picking oranges or lemons and that an educated one earned a living in exactly the same way. Therefore, they argued, education was a waste of time, effort, and money. This was a matter of grave personal concern to the young people, for several members of the group were college students preparing for professions in which they had no assurance of being accepted when their dearly bought education had been finished. They were so consistently discouraged at home, particularly by their fathers, that one can only wonder at their perseverance.

In opposing education for their children the parents were simply being real-

istic. They pointed to the fact that the boys were sorely needed to help eke out a meager income and that the few young people of the colony who had persisted in finishing high school had not succeeded in bettering themselves financially. A Mexican American college student of the group, well trained and highly recommended, had been refused a job as an assistant on the summer playground solely on the ground that she was a "Mexican." At this time no Mexican or Mexican American was hired in either of the two citrus-packing plants of the community because other workers threatened to walk out if they were. Defense industries in Southern California were then employing very few Mexican Americans because "Americans simply will not work with Mexicans."

The burning issue, however, arose from the early operation of the Selective Service Act. Because most of the local boys of native American parentage had secured jobs in war plants, they received deferments. Since agricultural workers were not, at that time, being deferred, an unduly large proportion of those inducted into the armed forces were Mexican Americans. Resentment grew as wild rumors and irresponsible statements spread through the colony: "The Mexican boys are being trained first so that, if this country gets into the war, they can be put into the front-line trenches where they will be mowed down to save American lives." "When it comes to getting a job in the United States you are a Mexican; when it comes to dying for the country you are an American." "The Germans and Japanese are our friends; they treat us decently. They are going to help Mexico get back Texas and California and all the rest of the land the Americans stole from her. Talk about aggressor nations! Humph!" It was definitely established that certain subversive groups, working

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actively in the colony, were making full use of legitimate grievances to stir up unrest and disloyalty.

In analyzing the situation the young people came to the following conclusions: One is loyal to what he knows and respects. As long as Mexicans are ostracized by the community, they cannot learn American ways. As long as they are subjected to discrimination in public places and denied jobs commensurate with their ability, they cannot respect Americans. Neither can Americans come to know and appreciate the good qualities of their Mexican neighbors. The task ahead, therefore, required breaking up the pattern of segregation, encouraging full participation of Mexican Americans in the normal activities of civic life, eliminating job discrimination, and encouraging personal friendships between members of the two ethnic groups.

It was at this juncture that Alfonso called for action. Why had conditions been allowed to come to such a pass? Why had action been so long delayed?

These same questions could well be asked in most towns and cities of the Southwest; for the situation in San Dimas, bad as it was, compared favorably with that in many places. It is beyond the scope of this article to answer those questions. Briefly it may be said, however, that most people are not aware of the real conditions in their communities, that leadership is too often lacking, that community agencies are usually not sufficiently organized to render effective any straightforward attack on problems of prejudice. Without the organized support of the community those who could lead are justifiably afraid of losing their jobs; or, realizing the magnitude of the task and the unlikelihood of succeeding in its accomplishment, they simply succumb to inertia. Another grave deterrent to action, especially among edu-

cators, is that they become so bogged down in academic discussions and theorizing about the situation they seldom get their theories over into action.

One reason school authorities in San Dimas had been so slow to act was the belief that community support must first be built up through a process of education. That belief proved to be an error. Resort to practical action in the good American tradition of seeing what needed to be done and doing it, however, led to both community support and much indirect education.

II

A detailed account of what became known as the San Dimas Intercultural Program cannot be given here, but a brief sketch may be of interest to others faced with similar situations.

Aroused to action, the Mexican American young people, with the help of their counselor, evolved a plan of attack. Work was to begin with their own group and was to be extended gradually to school and community.

The most immediate need was a recreational program to combat growing delinquency among Mexican American boys and girls. An aviation club for teen-age boys was organized by one of the young men. Parties and athletic events were conducted for both teen-age and older youth.

The young people also assumed the task of explaining the school to the Mexican community as well as of interpreting to the school the point of view of the Mexican people. Ill will which had grown up because of misunderstanding of methods and procedures was removed. Parents were urged to keep their children in school, and pupils were advised in planning their courses of study so that their school years would be more profitable to them. Teachers were made aware of the fact that the

children, instead of being inherently bad, as some thought, were merely the victims of a demoralizing conflict between their home and community environments. Most of the objectionable behavior was overcome when the causes were understood and proper remedies applied.

When Mexican Nationals were brought into the community to help harvest the crops, friction soon developed in the colony between school boys of Mexican descent and the newcomers. Most of this was removed by appealing to the boys' sense of fair play and hospitality and by planning an extensive social and recreational program for the Nationals. The greatest service the young people rendered the visitors, however, was to help them learn English and adjust themselves to American customs. Because many of the Nationals were too proud to admit they could not read or write, they dropped out of the regular adult education classes provided for them. To the young people they freely admitted their illiteracy, and methods were devised to meet their needs.

All the young people took part in various war activities. After Pearl Harbor very few able-bodied young men were left, but the young women carried on valiantly. They helped in the many war drives and countered propaganda in the colony with accurate information.

In the meantime the school had been co-operating by working on the problem of prejudice. The first step was to start the process of integrating the children of the "Mexican Building" into the regular school by bringing in a few pupils of exceptional ability. Units of work in the social studies for eighth-grade pupils were designed to develop more democratic attitudes throughout the school. By setting an example for the younger children and by making talks in other classrooms and by writing and producing plays, these

pupils did much to build up better attitudes toward all peoples.

In 1941 the school council formed an intercultural club composed of seventh- and eighth-grade pupils. In order to change the so-called language barrier to a bridge of understanding and appreciation the club sponsored a Spanish class. By helping the English-speaking children with their Spanish, the Mexican American children gained status; and many fine friendships were established between "language pals." But the most effective part of the program of the club was the recreational activities. Just having fun together is the best antidote to the poison of prejudice.

In spite of all the efforts in the school, however, little change took place among adults in the community. In an attempt to do for the community what the school intercultural club had done for the children, a number of people of Mexican and other American backgrounds organized an adult intercultural club, Americans All. Through this organization the Mexican people were assisted in understanding war programs, in making out income tax returns, in fighting discrimination. A Spanish class for English-speaking adults and an English class for Spanish-speaking adults were formed. The two classes met together for part of each period for singing or for social events. A monthly meeting of an educational nature, Mexican dinners, favorite dish suppers, and picnics are helping to develop understanding and neighborliness among the members. The public is invited to many of these functions. This club, which includes some of the most prominent members of the community, has also helped to build up moral and financial support for school, recreational, and health programs.

Meantime, the Mexican American young people had submitted to the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs a plan

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for an experiment in intercultural education and a request for financial assistance in carrying it out. The program called for an intensification and expansion of educational work for both children and adults, for an adequate recreational program for all young people of the community, and for a counseling and guidance and job placement project, designed especially to help Mexican Americans. Since the plan required a large sum of money, it did not materialize, but the Co-ordinator's Office did make available a generous fund for a summer program in 1943.

This project was financed jointly by the Office of the Co-ordinator and by donations from local organizations. Claremont College sponsored the program as part of its Conference on Hemispheric Solidarity. Locally, the San Dimas Home and School Club assumed a large share of the responsibility, and many mothers assisted.

For children between the ages of four and fourteen a summer school and playground were provided. Units of work were designed to teach appreciation of Latin American culture. Half the faculty were Spanish-speaking teachers. Conversational Spanish, music, dancing, arts and crafts, clay modeling, and dramatics were the leading activities. At the close of the summer, an extensive program of dances, musical selections, and original plays in both Spanish and English was given to the public and to the graduate school at Claremont College.

Another phase of the summer work was an evening recreational program for young people. Although a special effort was made to interest all youth of the community, it was patronized almost exclusively by those of Mexican origin. Others did participate in swimming parties and motion picture shows, however, proving that a program which was sufficiently challenging would transcend prejudice.

As a result of this summer program, members of the community became acquainted, most of them for the first time, with fine Spanish-speaking people. The Spanish-speaking teachers were liked and admired by the children. Morale was greatly improved among the Mexican people. Children were beginning to think of Mexican Americans as "fellow Americans," not as "those Mexicans." Delinquency among Spanish-speaking children and youth was at an all-time low. The chief result was that the school board decided to discontinue altogether the practice of segregating Mexican American children. When an integrated situation was set up in the fall term, few protests were made, none of them serious. Attitudes built up during the summer carried over into the regular school term. Fighting between boys of the two ethnic groups, once so common on the playground, was at a minimum and remains so to the present time, three years later.

Realizing that a mere beginning had been made and that further progress demanded the organized efforts of all constructive agencies in the community, leaders of the project formed the San Dimas Community Co-ordinating Council in the fall of 1943. Committees on Health, Recreation, Education, Personal Adjustments (to aid children with serious behavior problems), and Public Relations were set up. Through the work of these committees the program continues.

Community House was opened in the spring of 1944 by the Health Committee under the joint sponsorship of the Council and the local chapter of the Red Cross. The House is located at one corner of the Mexican colony. Among the splendid activities carried on there are a pre-school clinic, home nursing courses, and a home demonstration class. The Los Angeles County Health Department has given

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active support to the work, most of which is done gratuitously by women of the community. There is no segregation and no discrimination. From the beginning Mexicans and Americans worked together, repairing the building and installing the furnishings. The influence for better understanding exerted by this one project is beyond estimate.

During the summer of 1944 a program similar to that of the previous summer was carried on with funds which were again furnished by the local community and by the Co-ordinator of Inter-American Affairs, through co-operation with Claremont College and the United States Office of Education. The recreational phases of the program were continued during the summer of 1945, funds being provided by the Los Angeles County Recreational Department and by local organizations. "American" participation in the activities for young people has gradually increased each summer until it is now approximately in proportion to the number of that group in the town.

To meet the recreational needs of the older boys and girls throughout the year, a teen-age center was opened in what was formerly the "Mexican Building." The center was an outgrowth of the intercultural clubs of the elementary school. The program was at first limited to seventh- and eighth-grade pupils. Influenced by their parents, a few members of the club asked for a separate organization for Mexican American boys and girls. The request was promptly and overwhelmingly voted down by the club. During the past two years clubs have been formed by pupils of the union high school, thus bringing a neighboring community into participation. Under the supervision of the dean of girls they organized a Junior Co-ordinating Council to remodel the building and carry on the activities of the center. A high school intercultural club,

formed about the same time, now has a waiting list.

Adult education has been continued through the work of Americans All and through classes set up by the high school. As part of its Americanization program the high school had conducted, for a number of years, semi-weekly educational motion picture shows for Mexicans only. Three years ago the shows were opened to the general public.

During the school year 1944-1945 the Office of the Co-ordinator provided funds for an experimental nursery school, the primary purpose of which was the teaching of English to Mexican American children before their entry into kindergarten. Because we believe that a segregated class at any age level is indefensible, both from an educational and a social point of view, the group was composed of an equal number of children from Spanish-speaking and English-speaking homes. The teacher was an American of Mexican parentage. Unfortunately, lack of funds has prevented the continuation of the nursery school; but the teacher so effectively demonstrated the value of having a Spanish-speaking teacher on the faculty that she was employed to teach a class in the regular school.

Persons of Mexican descent are also being hired now in both packing houses although in one only men are employed because the women in the plant still refuse to work with Mexican women. Because of the FEPC many local Mexican Americans were employed in war plants in towns nearby. Their improved economic status has made it possible for them to buy property in the wider community. Even though they were, in most instances, compelled to pay higher prices than other buyers, and in spite of temporary flare-ups of prejudice in each neighborhood into which they moved, this marked an important step forward. Most

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of the pioneers in the movement were families of service men. They realized that their children cannot grow up to be loyal American citizens if they are forced to live in ghetto-like colonies.

III

What of the future? Much depends upon national and world events. Already there are indications in the community of a reactionary trend, aggravated by the wave of chauvinism and jingoism now sweeping the world. If there should come a period of prolonged unemployment, competition for jobs would rekindle prejudice and create tensions far more serious than in pre-war years. For the Mexican American, having had a taste of the better things of life during the war when his services were so desperately needed, is demanding his rightful place in the life of the community. Men who fought on Okinawa or in the Battle of the Bulge will not meekly accept for their children the pattern of life under which they themselves grew up. Their war experiences have increased their self-confidence and have given them a new sense of dignity and responsibility. Mexican American leaders are becoming politically conscious. They are following with intense interest the trend of events in their own community, in the nation, and abroad.

The whole world is faced today with the stern realization that our very lives depend upon our winning the peace. But peace, like charity, begins at home. The

principles fundamental to its establishment—understanding and willing co-operation among peoples—are essentially the same whether it is achieving a united village or the United Nations. Can we hope for a world organization unless we can bring about unity of purpose and action in our own communities, in our own nation? In spite of the efforts of many people, our small town has not yet succeeded in establishing real understanding and co-operation among its peoples. Nevertheless, a beginning has been made by those who were willing to do something to bring about a more democratic community. Will the program be continued, now that the war is safely over? It will if we realize that the most important task lies ahead, that the winning of the war was only a necessary prelude to the winning of the peace, and that constructive deeds are the price of peace whether in the smallest community or in the whole world. If peace is realized it will be because common people in countless communities the world over rise up and demand, "Let's quit talking and do something! What we want is action!"

As originator, together with the young people mentioned in her article, and director of the San Dimas project, Elis M. Tipton writes from personal experience. She has been a teacher in San Dimas for twenty-four years, serving also as vice-principal for a number of years and, in addition, teaching adult education classes.

ADOBE ALPHABET

DOROTHY L. PILLSBURY

Paz moved with unwonted haste about her tilted adobe acres. She was like those acres and like the squat mud house that blew a bubble of piñon smoke beyond the wild plum trees—quiet and solid, but filled with an earthy power.

As happens in high New Mexican valleys, harvest was upon her almost over night. Corn was drying on the stalk, chiles shone red like vigil lights along the water ditch, and from the wild plum thicket came the musk of fruit about to fall to the ground and rot. From beneath the flour sack that bound her broad dark face like a wimple, she glanced with round anxious eyes at clouds piling up like cottonwood fluff behind the mountains. "Sweet Names," she grunted, tossing ears of corn into the rickety wagon, "soon it makes to snow."

Her long full-gathered black skirts swung against her bare ankles as her broad back and thick arms moved in an earthy rhythm of cutting and tossing. If she did not get her harvest under cover, she and her seven fatherless *muchachos* would not eat that winter. She might even have to put her mark on the long terrifying papers of the first of the Little Letters, the c.w.d.

As she cut and tossed, Paz brooded over the mystery of the Little Letters. The first had appeared in last winter's snows after Simón had died. It had come in a careening automobile that crept up the steep narrow road that till then had known only the plod of horses' feet and the sure tread of wood-laden *burritos*. The Cordobas and the Vigils and the Escuderos had not trusted even horses' feet

when they took Simón's rough home-made coffin to the nearest adobe village for burial beside the old church. They had carried it on their shoulders through the wind-jibbering New Mexican hills. She and the *muchachos* had followed them two by two through the drifts. So, when the first of the Little Letters appeared in the automobile on that road, Paz clung to her sagging doorway to watch its approach, and she called on all her saints when she saw that the driver was a woman. "Like an angel she is," Paz thought. "Hair of a goldenness and eyes like the wings of the piñon jay."

She dusted the one chair her house afforded. "I am from the County Welfare Department, the c.w.d.," the angel said in Spanish that rasped the ear. "Ésteban D. Luján asked me to come to see you. Do you know Ésteban D. Luján?"

Paz nodded wisely. "Ésteban D. Luján, he is *politico* in the valley. Each year before voting time comes, he returns to see old friends."

The c.w.d. grinned. "He wants me to tell you that the *muchachos*, now that they have no papá, can receive each ten dollars a month from the government. Provided," she added, "you can prove that all seven are yours and are under sixteen years of age."

Paz brought out baptismal certificates from the tin-topped trunk under the bed. There they were, Epifanito, Estefanita, Desederio—

The c.w.d. smiled with pleasure and filled out many colored, long papers taken from a big brief case. Her fountain pen

leaked and bedaubed her slim young fingers. "And now," she said, "just sign here."

But Paz would not sign anything. That was one thing she knew. "I cannot write, Señorita."

"Then just make a cross here, and I'll witness it."

Paz would not make a cross. There was the story of the papá of the Escuderos. He had lost his *ranchito* in the old days by making little crosses on long papers.

The c.w.d. did not seem happy as she returned the long papers to her brief case and wiped her ink-stained fingers on the top of her stocking. "Ésteban D. Luján will not be pleased," she complained. "A woman alone cannot wring a living from

amazement of the pale food. She stewed it and baked it with chile, but still the *muchachos* spit it out on the hard-packed adobe floor. At last in sheer desperation she was forced to feed it slyly to the goats.

She thought with pride that she had not let the gifts go without a suitable return. Nights sitting by her whitewashed corner fireplace, she had crocheted a chemise top for the c.w.d. She had fashioned it of cerise thread to her own ample measurements and centered the pattern around the coils of a sinuous rattlesnake.

Another Little Letter appeared in the early spring. It was the County Farm Man who said he was the c.a.a. He kept repeating the letters like a rosary. He had a mouth that never stopped smiling, and he



these arid acres for herself and seven children."

The c.w.d. seemed worried, poor little one. She returned all through the year with lesser offerings that required no signature. There were blue jean pantalones for the ragged, hair-flying brood, and vast quantities of rolled oats. Paz thought with

gave off enthusiasm as a piñon fire gives off sparks. "We've got to make this land produce more," he kept saying. All through planting and growing season he raced back and forth in an automobile more mud-caked and more protesting than that of the c.w.d.

When the corn rows were swelling

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with the first ears, he gave her a big bottle of glycerine and a little glass dropper. "Here, Paz," he said. "A few drops of glycerine in each ear will do away with the worms." He said it as if he were explaining a holy mystery.

She used the oily fluid to soften her dried-out old harness and her one pair of leather shoes.

"Did you put the glycerine drops in the corn?" he asked on his next visit.

"Sí, sí." Paz nodded. It was of a politeness to tell the Little Letters what they wanted to hear. The C.A.A. was pleased. He rushed off to other corn crops. But all summer he kept coming back to offer other quaint suggestions. He has the holy vocation, Paz thought.

He was not the last of the Little Letters. Late in the summer another adobe-crusted automobile strained up the steep, twisting road. A woman with a high cool forehead tight as a nun's starched headband said she was the County Nursing Division, the C.N.D. From what Paz could gather from the halting Spanish, the C.N.D. lived solely to make all the world pure. She eyed the doorless outhouse with suspicion.

"Your privy drains into your well," she said. "It's a wonder you and the children aren't all dead."

Paz agreed, as politeness demanded.

The C.N.D. took many boxes from her automobile and scattered salt with sinful abandon down the privy. "I'll be back after the next good rain to test your drinking water," she promised. "In the meantime, boil every drop you use."

Paz smiled broadly thinking of the ignorance of the C.N.D. Simón himself had painted the well-hood bright blue, the color of the "Virheen." Could anything be not pure in a well so guarded?

Befuddled by much brooding over the strange antics of the Little Letters, Paz

found that by noon only half her corn crop had been cut and spread to dry on the roof of the goat shed. As she stood, feet spread apart, refreshing herself with a folded tortilla taken from the safe storage of her chemise, the sound of dropping plums came to her ears. She must forget the corn. She must forget the chiles waiting to be strung and piled half way to the pine-tree ceiling beams inside the house. The plums would have to be gathered this very day. At night when the *muchachos* came from school in the village, they would all string chiles. She liked to see them turning red against her brown sunny walls. They looked like drops of martyrs' blood.

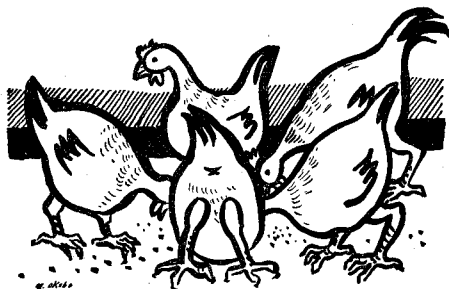
As she was collecting her willow baskets for plum picking, a familiar wheezing floated up the steep road. Alas, that could be none other than the automobile of the C.A.A.

"Ah, Paz," greeted the C.A.A. "Let's take a look at your corn crop." His fingers tore the husk from blue and red ears. "Pretty good, pretty good." He smiled. "Some worms, but not too many. Now you see what the little drops will do. Nothing like modern methods! Everyone around here has better corn because of the glycerine drops. I've checked all the *ranchitos*. All but the Sandovals! There's a smallpox sign on the house. Didn't dare go near them."

"Ah, poor things," Paz sighed, "not a friend to go near them in their calamity."

The C.A.A. was bursting with the fulfillment of his duties. Even while the plums dropped from the trees like red and purple hail, he dragged her over to the goat pasture and shook his head over the moth-eaten herd. He caught the bedraggled chickens and said they had some terrible disease of the feet. The apricot trees needed pruning. This was the exact time of year to do it. Paz must get started at the pruning tomorrow.

It was mid-afternoon before she could get back to her plum picking. What couldn't be picked now would be lost. But first she must make sure that what she had hidden from the C.A.A. was safely in place. Muttering to herself she dropped to her knees where the plum hedge bordered the rows of corn. Sweet Names! There they were, the little wooden crosses, hidden by the dense foliage. Before the days of the Little Letters, they had stood



out openly, one for each row of corn. The C.A.A. had no faith in the little wooden crosses. He, poor young man, had faith in six drops of glycerine.

Paz wished she did not have to hurry with the plum picking. She liked to hold them sun-warm and waxen in her hands. Like the plums, the adobe soil felt warm and sun-filled. She spread her bare feet flat and wide. Almost she felt rooted like the plum trees. The sound of back-firing broke in on her thinking. That, oh Name of a Name, would be the automobile of the C.N.D. Paz flung a handful of plums wrathfully into the willow basket and plodded over to the well with the bright blue cover.

"After yesterday's good rain, I've come to test the water in your well," said the C.N.D.

Paz had but one way to show her mounting fury. She would not understand one word the C.N.D. said in her limping Spanish. "No sabe," she muttered and stood like an adobe image of a woman.

The C.N.D. had to let the tin bucket

down into the depths of the well, herself. When she pulled it up dripping and slopping, she produced her own drinking cup and gingerly tasted the water. Paz covered her grinning mouth with a big hand as she saw the look of amazement on the weary features of the C.N.D. "Not the slightest flavor of salt," the C.N.D. decided reluctantly. "Your privy must slope the other way." But Paz kept her eyes on the well-hood Simón had painted the bright sky-blue of the "Virheen."

"No sabe," persisted Paz and dropped heavy eyelids over blank eyes. The C.N.D. was strangely unhurried. She stood looking at the doorless privy that gave on such a far-flung expanse of color-daubed country. She held the pans for the goat milk up to the sun. She tore the beds to pieces and went carefully over the lamb's wool mattresses that had belonged to the mamá of Simón. When the C.N.D. saw the chiles heaped high on the floor, Paz thought she looked almost young and happy. "Vitamins A, B, and C," gloated the C.N.D.

"No sabe." Paz shook her flour-sacked head, but wondered if the chiles, too, had their Little Letters.

Scarcely had the C.N.D. rattled down the road when the *muchachos* came roaring home from the one-room mud school house in the village. "Mamacita, mamacita," they screamed like piñon jays, "the school teacher has sent you a letter."

Paz turned the white sheet of paper over and over in her big hands. Letters from the teacher always contained long words that even the older *muchachos* could not understand. Paz herself could neither read nor write. The last letter had wanted Epifanito to be a Pilgrim Father in a play. Paz had to walk the long hill miles to Father Tafoya to find out what a Pilgrim Father was and if Father Tafoya approved of Epifanito being one. Father Tafoya had not been enthusiastic.

Paz put the new letter beside the vigil

light and opened her great arms to hug blue-black shocky heads to her breast. "Now, this very moment," she ordered, giving her brood cuffs and pushes like a rough mother bear, "we all string chiles." Then she groaned, thinking of corn unspread and wild plums dropping from their thorny thicket.

Hardly had her brood settled on the floor around the chile heaps before a

Parent-Teacher Association, the P.T.A., of the school in the village. The first meeting is tomorrow. Paz, you must go."

Paz pondered the new Little Letters. "The P.T.A., Señorita, what may it be?"

"It co-operates," the c.w.d. explained. "Teachers and mamás work together. They study the mind of the child."

"The mind of the child," repeated Paz, her face dark with the new mystery. "The



grunting and a rasping from another automobile sent the children scattering like quail to look out of the door. "c.w.d., c.w.d.," they shrieked.

The c.w.d. settled on the one chair Paz dusted with an edge of her black skirts. "It's going to be an early winter," the c.w.d. said. "You'll never get your crops in before snowfall. Come, sign the papers so you'll have money for food before you're snowed in for the winter. I won't be able to sleep nights if you don't."

Paz shook her head stubbornly. Could it be that the c.w.d. wanted the *ranchito*? Then her eyes fell on the letter from the school teacher. Could it be that the school teacher wanted—? Perhaps the c.w.d. could read the long words.

The c.w.d. read the letter with amazing speed and explained in her nerve-racking Spanish, "You are invited to join the

mind of the child." Didn't she light a candle on each name-saint's day for every child she had?

The c.w.d. had much to say about the mind of the child. She said it until the sun flung itself behind the purple mesa. By the time she left, the *muchachos* were screaming for their food and rubbing sleepy eyes. Paz rewarmed the good red beans and stowed her brood on beds that ranged end to end up and down the long, low-ceilinged room. Not a dozen chiles had been strung. Corn was withering on the stalk. Plums were rotting on the ground. As she plodded up and down, her wonder about the Little Letters darkened minute by minute like an approaching storm.

Did the Anglos live in a world where everything was done by talk? Who, then, cut the wood and milked the goats? Name

FACES IN THE SUN

of a Name! Now the new Little Letters and "the mind of the child!"

In the midst of her clattering of pots and pans, a thought like the slow rumble of thunder halted her lumbering movements. Considering it, her round eyes lengthened to crafty slits. Tiptoeing clumsily, she found her shawl with the deep fringe. She hooded it over her head and bound one end tightly about her throat as if she were donning a coat of mail.

Outside in the darkness her bare feet found the sheep trail that wandered over the hills. Branches of dwarf piñon caught at her long skirts and gave out their aromatic fragrance. But Paz neither felt nor smelled. Like a woman bewitched, she plodded on and on until she came to a little house almost blotted out under the shadow of cottonwood trees. A dim light burned in a back room. Not a sound nor a motion halted her as she padded softly to the front walls. Up and down the walls

her big hands felt delicately. "Name of a Name," she grunted as her fingers found what they had been seeking.

Paz smelled the oil of piñon branches as she strode back over the dark hills. She saw the stars in the Hunter's belt low over dim mountains. She heard the night wind purring like a great cat as he stalked down the black arroyo. There was a singing in her heart.

She slept well that night among her heaps of chile and her tousle-headed brood. When the sun first filtered through the wild plum hedge, she was up and pounding good stout nails through an oblong sign of yellow cardboard on her sagging front door.

This is one of a series of sketches of the Southwest by Dorothy L. Pillsbury, who confesses to having been a "Little Letter" herself once. The illustrations are by Miné Okubo.

FACES IN THE SUN

MARY HARRIS SEIFERT

LISSIE liked the little girl with yellow braids and round blue eyes. She longed to smooth the pink whiteness of her cheeks, the beautiful whiteness she had never seen so closely before. She touched the little girl's hand.

"I like you," she said.

They sat together at a desk in the kindergarten room and drew pictures with red and green crayons.

"What's your name?" asked Lissie.

"Lois," said the little girl. "I have a pocket in my pinafore. I'm big."

"I'm big, too," said Lissie, "and I like

you. I have a puppy dog. He says bow-wow, like this—bow-wow, bow-wow."

"You have black hair," said Lois. "I don't have strings on my hair. I have ribbons. Do you wash your face? I wash my face, all clean. But I wish I had a puppy dog, too."

Lissie drew a red tree. Then she drew a green tree. They were very pretty.

"Here, Lois," she said, "you can have my picture. You can take it home."

When a bell rang, they ran out to play where there were swings and slides. They sat on a see-saw and went up and down.

There were other little girls with pink-white faces, like Lois'. There was only one with strings in her black hair, like Lissie's. She was big, and she sat alone playing jacks. Lissie didn't talk to her. She stayed with Lois.

"Funny," said a lady.

"Too bad," said another.

Then they marched into the kindergarten room, and a big boy tripped Lissie. The lady washed the bump on her forehead.

"You mustn't mind what he says, dear."

"Will it be all clean like Lois' face now?" asked Lissie.

"It's just too bad," said the lady.

Lissie liked to cut with scissors. Her face was clean, even where it hurt, and she was happy. Lois gave her a zigzag paper chain.

"Can I go home and play with you?" asked Lissie. "I like to play house. Have you any dolls? I have a teddy."

Lissie held Lois' hand, across the street, all the way home.

"I like you, Lois," she said. "I wish you lived at my house. I have a puppy and a rag doll."

"I wish you lived at my house, too," said Lois. "I'd give you one of my dolls, maybe."

A lady came to the door. She had a pink-white face and yellow hair, like Lois'.

"Lissie came home to play with me," said Lois. "We want a cookie."

"The idea," said the lady. "Come in here right away, Lois."

She held the screen door open, just wide enough for one little girl.

"The very idea—"

"My face is clean," said Lissie.

"Go home, little girl. Lois doesn't have time to play. She must get cleaned up for her Daddy."

The next day at kindergarten Lois sat with a girl with brown curls.

"Sit with me," said Lissie. "Please, Lois."

"My mother doesn't 'low me," said Lois.

Lissie was lonely.

"Please, Lois—"

But Lois played at the sand table, and there was no room for Lissie.

On the playground, Lissie watched Lois play Farmer-in-the-Dell. Round and round she went in a wide ring of little girls. Lissie wanted to play, too.

"Let me in. I want to play Farmer," she said to the circle.

No one answered. They all sang, and went round and round.

"Please?"

A big girl pushed her. Then, deliberately, the girl spit small frothy bubbles upon Lissie's blue dress.

"That'll teach you," said the girl. "You're a nigger. You can't play with us."

"Nigger," sang the circle, "dirty nigger—"

"And you mustn't play with her, either, Lois," said the girl. "Not ever."

"I know," said Lois. "Mommy told me. Go 'way, nigger girl."

Then Lissie went and sat beside the big girl who had a dark face like hers and whose hair was tied with strings.

The girl was singing over and over as she tossed her jacks:

*I had a little dog, and his name was
Dash,*

*I'd rather be a nigger than poor white
trash.*

I had a little dog. . . .

But Lissie sat silent and watched the children play, their faces whitely beautiful in the morning sun.

Mary Harris Seifert is the mother of three small children, wife of a rocket physicist, ex-Latin instructor at Kalamazoo College, and free-lance writer of juveniles.

RESTRICTED HOUSING - RESTRICTED DEMOCRACY

ELMER R. SMITH

THE READJUSTMENT period succeeding the most vicious and destructive war in history is tending to follow the same basic pattern as was observed at the close of World War I. This is especially true in the field of interracial relations. Inflationary trends are threatening the economic stability of the lesser income groups, and with this threat is associated mistrust of other groups and a tendency to protect one's own against the encroachment of others. There is, also, the ever-present tendency to use some other groups as scapegoats to stimulate our own feeling of purity and lack of responsibility for our position.

This negative series of reactions is especially noticeable in the field of housing. In cities throughout the country where restrictive covenants did not exist before, these discriminatory forms of economic boycott are becoming organized. Prior to World War I there was little enforced segregation in housing in the North and West. However, with the readjustment associated with the close of that war and the economic and inflationary crisis that followed, restricted housing developed in a number of cities. It is a known fact that after restricted housing rules were applied in these cities overcrowding with all its ills and social dangers followed. The situation was so bad that a violent explosion seemed inevitable, and ultimately a wave of postwar riots swept the areas where such conditions existed. Finally, the Supreme Court declared that "city zoning to keep non-whites out of

given areas" was unconstitutional. This ruling stimulated a type of extra-legal methods of restriction—restrictive housing covenants, developed to effect a similar result through individual agreements. Race-restrictive housing covenants have been defined as "compacts entered into by a group of property owners, subdivision developers, or real estate operators in a given neighborhood binding them not to sell, rent, lease or otherwise convey their property to specified groups (usually colored people) for a definite period unless all agree to the transaction." Many racial covenants are entered into long after an area has been developed; others are incorporated in deeds at the time a new housing area is being constructed or improved.

There are many arguments used by the perpetrators of racial covenants to justify their actions. The basic one used by economic interest groups is that "at the present time where non-whites are living there is a blight and a decline in property values." The gist of this argument is based upon the principle that so-called slum areas become slum areas because of the racial composition of the inhabitants. This sort of argument does not tell one part of the real truth. A social history of any city will show, upon close analysis, that all low-income newcomers to American cities—be they white, black, brown, yellow, or with blue eyes, green eyes, brown eyes, or what not—have been concentrated in the city's slums. With

most groups, this has been a first step, dictated by economic status. As individuals in the group have advanced in the economic scale, as well as the social, they have moved out of the slum area. Other groups, however, usually of non-whites and Jews, have been forced, due to racial covenants, to remain in these already blighted areas or they have had other "dead housing zones" opened to them. When these have been opened to them, the property blight and value decline has already set in, due to a number of economic and social factors inherent in the growth of the cities concerned.

A study by Alonzo G. Moron, "Where Shall They Live?" in *The American City* for April 1942, a journal dedicated to scientific studies of city growth and organization, shows that smart real estate dealers have encouraged non-whites to move into old white neighborhoods where property values have begun to decrease. In the change of settlement, due to the demand on the part of non-whites for more adequate living quarters, the same houses automatically acquire a higher resale and rental value. At the same time, in the case of rent property, the assessed valuation for tax purposes continues to decrease as if there had been no reversal of the income trend. During this transitional period, the owners have a monopoly on the available housing supply in this area; and because of the demand for a place for non-whites to live (the demand is always greater than the supply, due to housing restrictions), the selling price is usually above the market value prior to non-colored occupancy. After the transition is made, it is inevitable that the value will revert to the point it had reached previously, and even further decline in accordance with the trends in the property values in the particular area.

The old structures found in the already "dead domestic housing zone" will

take a greater amount of upkeep and care than a newer structure, and many of the new buyers will find it difficult, if not impossible, to pay a larger proportion of their earnings for such upkeep. This further increases the blighted appearance of such areas. When such buildings are rented out, the landlords will meet with the same sort of problem, and they will refuse to make the necessary repairs.

Another factor of equal importance in the fluctuation of property values in non-white segregated housing zones is the influence of the economic status of the occupants. Because of economic discrimination in other fields of activity, the incomes of non-white occupants are highly flexible. In certain periods of depression and other economic crisis situations, there is a great decline in their earnings, and property incomes in the occupation area fall off appreciably. When it is remembered that specific dead zones and areas are only opened to non-whites during periods of intense industrial activity, it is clear that the following decline in property incomes and values is due to the fact that the majority of the occupants are insecure marginal workers. This same principle applies to whites who live on Skid Rows and other like areas, as can be seen when any city is given close social analysis. The primary factors for blight and decline in property values are not racial; they are economic and social. A positive correlation with color as a cause of community blight cannot be found.

Another argument expounded by race-covenant promoters is that non-whites do not maintain accepted standards if allowed to live in a non-segregated area. There is an accumulating body of evidence to show that this type of argument is not valid. The Federal Public Housing Authority in a number of studies has

shown that non-whites with steady incomes who are given a chance to live in decent and respectable homes do not display a "natural" tendency to destroy property or let it "run down." The evidence instead tends to show that these groups react more favorably to the new environment than do any other group of similar income. Non-white tenants have also displayed positive rent-paying habits when housed in structures fitted to meet their rent-paying ability.

The sum total of accumulated sociological facts does not bear out the contentions of the supporters of restrictive housing covenants or segregated housing units for whites and non-whites. In areas where race riots have taken place in recent years, such as Detroit and Los Angeles, rioting was conspicuous by its absence in localities where whites and non-whites lived on a non-segregated basis. Is it not time we learned to read the handwriting on the wall and take steps to alleviate our tension areas instead of placing more barriers in the way of economic and social co-operation?

What is to be done? Here are a few specific suggestions which can be put into operation without too much delay if there is only the will to do it.

First, an attack upon race covenants must be made through the courts, the press, and public meetings. The facts now available must be presented to the masses to counteract the narrow, selfish propaganda and stereotyped prejudiced views handed out by specific economic-interest groups. The various interracial and church groups, as well as public-spirited leaders in the community, have this job to perform. If these groups and individuals fail to take advantage of the positions they now occupy to assist in the establishing of the principle of freedom to live, they have failed in their purpose, both in the

sense of being democratic and in working for the application of humanitarian rules of living. They must face the challenge or admit defeat.

Second, the opponents and proponents of race restrictive covenants are on common ground in demanding more space and facilities for housing designed to meet the needs and rent-paying abilities of the population. It should be pointed out to those who embrace race-restrictive covenants as a means of protecting high-rent neighborhoods from overcrowding by low-income families who happen to be composed of non-whites, that they will find their greatest protection in the development of adequate housing for all low-income occupants. This means that new areas must be opened up to non-whites and other minorities. The construction of new housing available to all persons on a non-segregated or race-restrictive covenant basis is imperative for equal living opportunities. From a long-run point of view, it is extremely desirable that new neighborhoods remain open to all groups in the community, and the community will gain if it takes specific steps to encourage non-white and white occupancy of such areas. For segregation causes blight—blight in the sense of breeding fear and hate and misunderstanding. Segregation in the field of housing automatically creates segregation in the fields of educational opportunity, recreational activities, and other public services. It brings about a closed type of existence. People tend to lump all persons within a particular closed group as undesirables; they label these groups as not wanting to become integrated or part of the American community. This type of reasoning breeds contempt, fear, and hate.

The minority group, on the other hand, recognizes the type of feeling of the majority (white) group, and this

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tends to strengthen anti-white group attitudes. The disappointments, limitations of life, and frustrations that develop within the segregated community become identified with the power and controls associated with the white group. The resulting combination of these two group attitudes finds expression in suspicion, belligerency, and race riots. Restricted living restricts the functioning of the democratic process.

Third, some types of restrictions are desirable, and all groups can arrive at this decision in unison and in co-operation. The restrictions, however, are not to be made upon the basis of race, creed, or color, but upon occupancy standards. These should include such matters as the number of families in a given unit, the standard of the home or building, facilities, and lot up-keep. This would tend to lessen the pressure upon other neighborhoods, permit selective infiltration of non-whites, and create a more wholesome community spirit.

Fourth, slum areas should be forced to be rehabilitated or the given areas should be turned over to the functioning of business interests for business purposes.

Finally, since the economic status of non-whites fluctuates widely from period to period because of economic crisis and

discriminatory practices in hiring and firing, steps should be increased to bring about full employment, to have an effective fair-employment-practice principle put into law, and to enforce labor laws and wage contracts. This, along with the other steps, would go far in the direction of eliminating the type of restricted democracy many persons of a minority or non-white group are now living.

It must be emphatically stated again and again that the facts show no positive correlation between color or race and social conditions. There are no scientific facts that show the existence of innate economic, social, cultural inferiority or superiority of one race over another.

Elmer R. Smith is assistant professor of anthropology and sociology in the University of Utah and has been visiting assistant professor of anthropology in the University of Washington and guest lecturer at the University of British Columbia Interracial Institute during the Summer of 1946. He was formerly community analyst at the Minidoka Relocation Center for the War Relocation Authority. He is at work on a book, *Democracy Limited, relative to race relations in the United States*.

• Miscellany •

IN THE SUMMER ISSUE OF CG, Milton R. Konvitz reported in his Department, "The Pursuit of Liberty," on the Irene Morgan case then pending in the United States Supreme Court. On June 3, 1946, the court, with only Mr. Justice Burton dissenting, held the Virginia Jim Crow statute unconstitutional in so far as it applies to interstate traffic. Uniformity is essential in the functioning of interstate

commerce, said the court, and so a state may not interpose its own regulation in that field. The state law could not be justified as an exercise of the police power. Under this decision a state may no longer require interstate passengers to occupy Jim Crow seats while the bus or train passes through the state.

"FORWARD—ALL TOGETHER," a film-

strip produced by the Council Against Intolerance (17 East 42 Street, New York 17), tells the story of intolerance in the nation, gives the bad spots and the bright ones in the national scene, and tells what can be done about the rising tide of prejudice. Speech notes accompany each film for use by a teacher or discussion leader. A strip can be borrowed from the Council or purchased for \$2.50 from Film Publishers, Inc., 12 East 44 Street, New York 17. Three more filmstrips are in preparation by the Council: "The Springfield Plan," "The Negro in American Life," and "The Jew in American Life."

A SERIES OF INTERNATIONAL discussion films and slide filmstrips, "Your World," is being prepared by Film Publishers, Inc. (12 East 44 Street, New York 17). Films, 10 to 20 minutes in length, are accompanied by study guides, bibliographies, and other related materials. Five discussion slide filmstrips, the first in the series, have just been released (purchase price \$2.50): "The People of France," a dramatic picture presentation about the background and current problems of France and its relation to America; "The United Nations Charter," explaining the organization and functions of UN, endorsed by the United Nations Information Office; "What Foreign Trade Means to You," a cartoon slide film explaining international trade in terms any high school student can understand; "American Counterpoint," a picture commentary on what makes an American, with pictures and text by Alexander Alland; and "Forward—All Together," referred to above. A 35mm slide filmstrip projector is required.

"THE BEST FROM MIDWEST KITCHENS," by Ada B. Lothe, Breta L. Griem, and Ethel M. Keating (M. S. Mill Co., 425 Fourth Avenue, New York 16. \$2.50) will interest CG readers who like to cook.

The authors have collected over 700 recipes of the best dishes native to different nationality groups as modified and adapted to American needs. Say the authors: "The most toothsome Polish recipes were gradually tried and adopted by French, English, and Germans. Danish pastry won such renown that the term became a hallmark, like 'sterling' on silver. German breads and, later, Italian proved delectable in any language. So it went, with give-and-take, try out, adopt, pass on, until today the Middle West, one of the world's greatest food-raising areas, lays claim also to being perhaps the greatest storehouse of all-nations recipes."

CARE, The Cooperative for American Remittances to Europe, Inc., has been established by 24 relief agencies concerned with supplying food to famine-stricken countries in Europe. A non-profit organization, it operates with the approval of the U.S. State Department, the Department of Agriculture, and the Army, to promote the sending of food packages by friends, relatives, or others interested, to people in Austria, Czechoslovakia, Finland, American-occupied Germany, Greece, France, Italy, The Netherlands, Norway, and Poland.

The CARE food package weighs 49 pounds. It contains 30 pounds of food including solid meat, stews and hashes, cereal and biscuits, fruit jam and pudding, vegetables, sugar and candy, cocoa, coffee, and beverage powders, evaporated milk, preserved butter and cheese. Other desperately needed supplies in the package are soap, matches, and a can-opener. This is the U.S. Army's famous "10-in-1" package designed by the Quartermaster Corps to provide combat rations of 4,000 calories for one day for 10 men.

The CARE food package costs \$15 complete, delivered. It is duty-free and tax-exempt. CARE takes care of everything—

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packing, shipping, insurance, guaranteed delivery. The food packages are in stockpiles or on their way to the participating European countries. When an order for a CARE food package, accompanied by a remittance for \$15, is received at CARE, the order is airmailed to the CARE representative in the country designated and a receipt for the remittance mailed to the donor. When the package has been delivered, the donor receives an acknowledgment signed by the recipient. If a package is undeliverable, the donor is notified and the money refunded.

Food remittance application blanks are available in most local banks. If donors do not wish to specify a particular person as recipient of a package, they may state "General Distribution." CARE representatives will see that an individual or group needing food receives the package. Applications, checks or money orders, must be mailed directly to CARE, 50 Broad Street, New York 4.

At FISK UNIVERSITY 240 freshman students go twice a week to the James Weldon Johnson writing laboratory library in order to read and write in a place where dictionaries, handbooks, trained assistants, and a small library are available. The library in this room started as a collection of books by and about the Negro in the United States, but students and instructors soon decided it would be a good idea to make the books representative of all the nationalities and "minorities" in America. One of the first steps in this direction was a subscription to COMMON GROUND, and most of the books in the library have been recommended by its book-review section. Apart from the rather extensive collection of books about the Negro, the library contains such poems as Ada Jackson's *Behold the Jew*, such non-fiction as Louis Adamic's *A Nation of*

Nations and Francis McMahon's *A Catholic Looks at the World*, such fiction as Meyer Levin's *The Old Bunch*, Jo Sinclair's *Wasteland*, and Mary Vardoulakis' *Gold in the Streets*.

AFTER THE LIQUIDATION of the War Relocation Authority last June 30, complete functional and operational records of the agency's activities were deposited with the National Archives. Duplicate sets of the majority of these same records will be available to the student at the Library of the University of California, Berkeley, and to a slightly limited degree at the University of California, Los Angeles. Under a similar arrangement, duplicate records of WRA's administration of the Emergency Refugee Shelter at Fort Ontario, Oswego, New York, will be available at the Library, Columbia University. In addition, certain special reports, monographs, and basic statistical records are being prepared for public dissemination, information about which is available from the Publications Section, Department of the Interior, Washington 25, D.C.

"WE BUILD A LAND" is the title of a new cantata composed by Herbert Haufrecht, featured at the Seventh Annual Folk Festival of the Catskills held August 10 in Chichester, New York. Mr. Haufrecht is director of the Camp Woodland Chorus, Camp Woodland, Phoenicia, New York, which performed the cantata. Contributions of immigrant groups and of individuals to the building of America are honored in the song, which makes its point in a refrain:

"Yes, we've always welcomed strangers
who found the going tough,
'Cause we're all a bunch of foreigners
if we go back far enough."

• The Common Council at Work •

THE 79TH CONGRESS during its closing weeks enacted several measures advocated by the Council, aimed at removing racial discriminations in our immigration and naturalization laws. The right to become a naturalized citizen of the United States—previously limited to white persons, persons of African nativity or descent, persons who are descendants of races indigenous to the American continents, and Chinese—was extended to Filipinos and persons of races indigenous to India, and these two peoples thus become eligible for admission to the United States under minimum yearly quotas of 100. On the last day of the session, the Senate passed and sent to the White House a bill which will admit the Chinese wives of American citizens as non-quota immigrants to the United States. Formerly such wives, unlike other nationals, could be admitted only as quota immigrants, which with the Chinese quota but 105 a year was in many cases difficult or impossible. Thus, bit by bit, the wall of discrimination crumbles.

SUCH DISCRIMINATIONS will be almost wholly eliminated by a bill—H.R. 7128, introduced by Mr. Farrington, Delegate from Hawaii, in the closing days of the session—for which the Council is urging favorable consideration when the 80th Congress convenes next January 3. It provides that the right to become a naturalized citizen “shall not be limited by race or national origin.” Its other main provision repeals the Barred Zone provisions of the Immigration Act of February 5, 1917, which excludes natives of certain Pacific islands and of a portion of the continent of Asia from admission to the United States. Minimum yearly quotas of

100 would be established for the countries thus affected.

A CITIZENSHIP PROBLEM to which the Council called attention months ago was solved by a bill signed by President Truman on July 31. It will make hundreds of children born abroad to our G.I.’s citizens instead of aliens. Our Nationality Act provided that a child born outside the United States, one of whose parents was a citizen and the other an alien, should be a citizen only in case the citizen parent had, among other things, resided at least five years in the United States after attaining the age of 16. This meant that any G.I. who was sent overseas before he was 21 and who married and had a child born abroad could not pass on his American citizenship to his child. This was corrected by an amendment providing that, in case of citizens in our armed forces, the required five-years residence shall be after attaining the age of 12 instead of 16.

A DRAFT OF AN INTERNATIONAL bill of rights has been sent by the Council to several hundred of the leading nationality organizations in the United States with a request for criticisms and suggestions. Many Americans of foreign birth came to the United States to obtain rights they did not have in their native countries. All of them are anxious that their kinsmen abroad should have the same freedoms and opportunities they enjoy in America. Because of this background and their ties here and abroad, Americans of foreign origin can do much in formulating an effective bill of rights and in creating public opinion in its support. The Council is urging nationality organizations to make the most of this opportunity.

COMMON GROUND

AN EXHIBITION OF FOREIGN-LANGUAGE newspapers in the United States is being arranged by the Council in connection with the meeting this fall of the United Nations General Assembly. The exhibit, which will probably take place in one of the U.N. buildings in New York, is designed to make the delegates to the Assembly better acquainted not only with the foreign-language press in the United States but with the many groups who have made Americans one of the most multi-national of peoples. All but four of the 51 nations now members of the U.N. are represented in the United States by groups which publish one or more newspapers in their native languages. The four exceptions are Ethiopia, India, Iran, and Turkey. The exhibit will include most of the 1,000 foreign-language publications in the United States, printed in 38 different languages.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT THAT Miss Marian Schibbsby, the Council's Associate Director, plans to retire about December 1 has brought many messages of regret and expressions of appreciation for her work. For the past 22 years, except for a short period, Miss Schibbsby has been responsible, among other things, for Interpreter Releases, the Council's technical information service on immigration and naturalization problems. A few comments will indicate their usefulness to a wide variety of organizations: "We could not get along without Interpreter Releases" (International Center, Baltimore). "Excellent material cogently presented. Precisely the information needed and not otherwise available to us" (Department of Adult Education, Minneapolis Public Schools). "An indispensable reference" (Jewish Social Service Agency, El Paso). "I have only praise for the accuracy and timeliness of the information" (Pasadena Public Library). "A most essential refer-

ence in our work" (Toledo International Institute). "Among the best things of this kind that I have ever seen—brief, to the point, and practical" (Community Service Society of New York). "Invaluable to workers in the field" (Gary International Institute). "The information is very valuable because it is up-to-date, reliable, and not too heavily weighted in favor of the alien" (U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service, San Francisco). "Interpreter Releases contain exactly the information we need" (Swiss Consulate, Los Angeles). "The Releases give an excellent survey of the main problems of the foreign-born and of prospective immigrants" (Selfhelp, New York). "We do not think of any way the material could be improved" (Niagara Falls International Institute).

RECENT INTERPRETER RELEASES have included articles on "Cancelling a Certificate of American Citizenship—a New Supreme Court Decision," "Concerning the Naturalization Privileges Extended to Aliens Serving With Our Armed Forces," "Facilitating the Entry of Alien Fiancees and Fiances of Citizen Members of our Armed Forces," "Old Country Problems and America," "Resettlement of Refugees and Displaced Persons," "The Corporate Affidavit," "Passenger Service Between Europe and the United States," and several Legislative Bulletins.

DURING THE FIRST SEVEN MONTHS of this year, the Council handled 5,770 individual immigration and naturalization cases from all parts of the United States. This is an increase of 43 per cent over 1945 and reflects the possibility of immigration and the reuniting of families that has come with the end of war. Some cases can be answered with a letter or memorandum; others may involve prolonged negotiations. One of the latter was

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the case of N.K. He came to the United States from Greece in the late '20s, established a successful business, and, after becoming an American citizen, returned to Athens in 1939 to bring his wife and four children to his new home. He was delayed by the illness of his wife, and then war intervened to prevent his return. When travel was again possible, the American Consul in Greece was not in a position to give the wife and children the non-quota visas to which ordinarily they would have been entitled. They came to the United States, consequently, as non-immigrants. Some months after arrival, Mr. K. took his two eldest daughters to the naturalization office to apply for American citizenship and only then learned that they were not eligible because they had not been admitted to the United States for permanent residence. As the eldest daughter was to be 21 in less than a month and thereafter would no longer be eligible to non-quota status, and the Greek quota is over-subscribed for about 5 years, quick work was necessary by the Council to meet the requirements of our law and to keep the family united.

By MID-AUGUST NORMAN CORWIN, 1946 winner of the One-World Award established by the Common Council and the Willkie Memorial of Freedom House, had completed the European leg of his One-World flight and had embarked on the balance of his 40,000 mile trip through Asia and the Far East. Mr. Corwin reports he has reaped a rich harvest of impressions, recordings, and interviews. Equipped with his own recording device, he is capturing for American ears the sounds of the world, from the din of the Paris markets to the noise of the Moscow subway. He has interviewed workers in their factories, ex-underground fighters in their homes, the man on the street. In

Russia he visited schools, collective farms, talked with Red Army soldiers. At official receptions and dinners in his honor, he has spoken with many top political, scientific, and literary personalities. Following his return to the United States in late October, Mr. Corwin will report in a series of broadcasts to the American people the highlights of his One-World trip.

THE COUNCIL HAS PREPARED a special half-hour radio program in 10 different languages for broadcast in some of the countries visited by Mr. Corwin on his One-World flight. This dramatization explains the significance of the One-World Award, introduces Mr. Corwin, stresses the interest of the American people in peace and better international understanding, and the fact that the United States with a population of many national origins and races living and working together represents a forerunner of One World. Most of the programs have included messages by prominent Americans of foreign birth to their kinsmen abroad. Charles Boyer, for example, spoke on the French program, Fritz von Unruh on the German, Congressman Adolph J. Sabath on the Czech, Spyros Skouras on the Greek, and Arnold Hartley on the Italian. Other languages in which the program has been, or will be, broadcast include Arabic, Chinese, Hebrew, Polish, and Swedish. Some of the programs have been sent abroad by transcription; others have been beamed over the State Department radio for re-broadcast. The dramatization was prepared by Jacques F. Ferrand, Chief of the Council's Radio Division.

TO ANSWER THE MANY QUESTIONS the Council has been receiving, particularly from the Greek, Hungarian, Italian, Polish, and Ukrainian groups, about bringing relatives or friends to the United States, it has prepared a memorandum on "Affi-

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avits of Support," giving the necessary information and including a sample of a completed affidavit. Copies of the memorandum are available on request. American Consuls will not issue visas to persons wishing to come to the United States unless reasonably sure that such persons will not become public charges after admission. Would-be immigrants must therefore usually have an affidavit from some relative or friend here who guarantees to support them if necessary.

THE HOUSE COMMITTEE ON IMMIGRATION and Naturalization invited the Council to discuss the subject of stowaways at a hearing in New York in late June. The Council pointed out that the increase in the number of stowaways coming to the United States in recent months was due principally to desperate conditions abroad and the misguided kindness of our G.I.'s rather than to any laxity on the part of the steamship companies, that the problem was administrative rather than legislative, and that new legislation was not needed except to give the Department of Justice discretion to admit temporarily stowaways who were refugees from political or religious persecution.

THE COUNCIL'S EDUCATIONAL SERVICE to the foreign-language press has included in the last quarter such articles as "Modernizing Congress," "The Department of Agriculture at Operations Crossroads," "The White Supremacy Issue: A Challenge to Democracy," "Your Stake in Collective Bargaining," "July 4, 1776—The Beginning of the More Perfect Union," "Independence Day for the Philippines," "Questions and Answers on Naturaliza-

tion and Immigration," "American Foreign Policy—Our New Peace Offensive," "Public Recognition Comes to Prominent Negroes," "The New International Emergency Food Council," "Mr. La Guardia Discusses the Problem of Displaced Persons," "A Guide to the Safe Arrival of Gift Packages in Europe," "Union Welfare Funds." These and similar articles were translated into as many as 19 languages.

IN ADDITION TO ALL 48 states, COMMON GROUND goes to readers in 17 foreign countries—in Asia, the South Pacific, Africa, Central and South America, and Europe. The 15 states with the largest circulation are, in the order named, New York, California, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Michigan, Minnesota, Connecticut, District of Columbia, Missouri, Washington, Wisconsin, Virginia, and Indiana.

EDWARD J. ENNIS has been elected a member of the Council's Board of Directors. For the past four years Mr. Ennis was Director of Alien Enemy Control and Special Assistant to the Attorney General. Earlier he served as general counsel of the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service. Since resigning from the Department of Justice last spring, Mr. Ennis has been practicing law in New York City.

MILTON R. KONVITZ, who conducts the department, "The Pursuit of Liberty," in COMMON GROUND, has been appointed associate professor and director of research in the New York State School of Industrial and Labor Relations, Cornell University.

• The Pursuit of Liberty •

CONDUCTED BY MILTON R. KONVITZ

LOSS OF CITIZENSHIP FOR DISLOYALTY

ON June 10, 1946, the United States Supreme Court decided the *Knauer* case—a decision of the utmost importance to naturalized citizens.

Knauer, a native of Germany, came to the United States in 1925 when he was thirty years of age. In World War I he was in the German army, and he had studied law and economics in Germany. He settled in Milwaukee and conducted an insurance business there. In 1929 he filed his declaration of intention to become a citizen, and was admitted to citizenship in 1937. In 1943 proceedings were instituted to cancel his certificate of naturalization on the ground that it had been secured by fraud. The federal district court ordered cancellation; the circuit court of appeals affirmed; the Supreme Court, by a vote of 5 to 2 (Mr. Justice Jackson did not participate in the case), affirmed the judgment of cancellation.

The Supreme Court found these facts: In 1931 Knauer told a newly arrived German immigrant that he approved of the aims of the Nazis, and that America needed the Nazi party because of the Jews and Communists. He visited Germany in 1934 and remained there six months. When he returned, he boasted that he had met Hitler and that he had been offered a post with the German government; he said that Hitler was the savior of the German people and that the United States was suffering from Jewish capitalism. In 1934 and 1935 he collected money for the German Winter Relief Fund and forwarded the money to the German consul. He was a member of the German Bund. In 1936 he enrolled his

daughter in the Youth Movement of the Bund, and he and his family had a tent at the Bund camps. He attended meetings of the Bund and of the Youth Movement. Between 1933 and 1936 he tried to have the swastika introduced at meetings of the Federation of German-American Societies. At a meeting of the Federation in 1935 he moved to have the swastika recognized as the flag of the German Reich. In 1937 he helped organize the German-American Citizens Alliance, a front organization for the Bund. In 1937 he wrote many letters and telegrams to persons who criticized the Bund or the German government. He was the dominant figure in the Alliance, and in 1938 was elected vice-president. In 1938 he read, at a meeting of the Alliance, a leaflet on "America, the Garbage Can of the World." In 1939 he arranged for public showings of Nazi propaganda films. He held shares in the holding company of the Bund camp which was started in 1939. At the dedication of the new Bund camp in 1939 he gave the Nazi salute. In 1939 he helped recruit skilled workers for Germany.

In an opinion by Mr. Justice Douglas, the court found that Knauer had falsely and fraudulently represented in his petition that he was attached to the principles of the Constitution and that he had taken a false oath of allegiance.

Douglas said that the court must follow the requirement of strict proof; it must itself examine the record and not rely on the findings of the lower courts; the government has the burden of proving its case by "clear, unequivocal, and

convincing" evidence. In this case the government, observing this standard of proof, succeeded in establishing its case.

The court reaffirmed its rejection of the relation-back theory and the theory of guilt by association: Knauer was not deprived of his naturalization by proof of statements and actions *after* citizenship had been acquired by him; the proofs covered the years 1931 through 1939; nor did mere membership in Nazi groups serve as the basis for denaturalization; Knauer was a leader in these groups; he determined as well as executed their policies. Had there been proof only of cultural and social ties with Germany, the court would have reversed the judgment. The court was satisfied that Knauer took his orders from and owed his allegiance to the German Reich at the time he took the oath of allegiance to the United States. There was here, said Douglas, more than mere political utterances; there was proof here of a program of action to further Hitler's cause in the United States. The case is different from the Baumgartner case previously discussed in this department, for Knauer took his oath of allegiance after Hitler had come into power.

Mr. Justice Black, concurring, said that, had the proofs been limited to mere philosophical or political beliefs, he would not vote for affirmance; but the case involved a person who, at the time of naturalization, served the German government with the same fanatical zeal which motivated the saboteurs sent to our shores to wage war against us.

Mr. Justice Rutledge (with Mr. Justice Murphy concurring) dissented, saying that, while he was convinced that Knauer was a Nazi and while it would be hard to say that the evidence did not sustain the finding that he falsely took the oath of allegiance, he could not vote to affirm the judgment; for the rights of millions of

naturalized citizens are affected in their security and freedom by what was done by the court in this case. For Knauer's citizenship was being taken away from him because of his political convictions and acts done openly in espousal of them. No native-born American could be stripped of his citizenship rights for doing what Knauer did; nor could he be punished with banishment. To convict a native-born citizen of treason or felony, the government must provide him with a trial in which he would have the benefit of all constitutional guarantees. Nothing short of such rights should be accorded the naturalized citizen. And a native-born citizen has never been deported or exiled. But here Knauer may suffer deportation as a consequence of the denaturalization. Under the Constitution there are not two classes of citizens; the only difference between naturalized and other citizens is that the former are ineligible for the Presidency; and statutes may not add other differences. Naturalized and native-born citizens may forfeit their citizenship on the same grounds; no process can take away citizenship for causes or by procedures not applicable to native-born citizens. "Unless it is the law that there are two classes of citizens, one superior, the other inferior, the status of no citizen can be annulled for causes or by procedures not applicable to all others." Congress may not create inequalities of status between native-born and naturalized citizens by attaching conditions to the admission of the latter, to be applied retroactively after naturalization. Citizenship with strings can be neither free nor secure. The power to naturalize is not the power to denaturalize. "The act of admission must be taken as final, for any cause which may have existed at that time. Otherwise there cannot but be two classes of citizens, one free and secure except for acts amounting to forfeiture within our tradition; the

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other, conditional, timorous and insecure because blanketed with the threat that some act or conduct, not amounting to forfeiture for others, will be taken retroactively to show that some prescribed condition had not been fulfilled and be so adjudged."

Rutledge added that, if he be wrong in this, certainly the drastic penalty of denaturalization, with resulting deportation, should not be imposed without affording all the rights the native-born citizen would have were he tried for an offense which might involve loss of liberty for a brief period of time. "If this means that some or even many disloyal foreign-born citizens cannot be deported, it is better so than to place so many loyal ones in inferior status. And there are other effective methods for dealing with those who are disloyal, just as there are for such citizens by birth."

It is apparent that the position of the majority of justices in the *Knauer* case attempted to recognize the civil liberties claims as well as the claims of administration. By using the rigid scrutiny test and by rejecting the relation-back and the guilt-by-association theories, the majority felt that they were giving recognition to the demands of freedom and due process; by enforcing the denaturalization provisions of the law, they felt they were giving recognition to the needs of the federal government to protect itself and American institutions against the admission to citizenship of persons whose loyalty is to foreign powers. As to the latter, the minority position is that the government can protect itself against the disloyalty of

naturalized citizens in precisely the same ways in which it can protect itself against the disloyalty of native-born citizens. In this Rutledge and Murphy are undoubtedly right. The measures of protection should be the same, regardless whether the citizen was born here or abroad. There is no need to have extra measures of protection when the citizen is foreign-born; at any rate, the need for such extra measures has not been demonstrated. As to the former, again the minority are right; they are right in two ways: first, the possibility of denaturalization, for whatever cause, places the naturalized citizens in a position of inferiority; it must instill them with political timidity for fear that their political expressions and activities may be used as an occasion to re-examine and re-open the naturalization proceedings with the hope of finding therein a disqualifying flaw; second, as long as deportation may be a consequent of denaturalization, the naturalized citizen should be accorded all the procedural rights and constitutional guarantees he would have were he being tried for a felony like burglary.

The opinion of Mr. Justice Rutledge strengthens our thought that the court should once and for all reject the fiction that deportation is not punishment, and should insist that a person held for deportation is entitled to all the rights and guarantees accorded a person charged with a crime for which the law provides as punishment loss of freedom for a stated period. For, as Rutledge has said, the penalty of deportation may be more drastic than any other.

• Intergroup Education •

CONDUCTED BY LEO SHAPIRO

READERS of CG may recall that in the Winter 1946 issue, this department described a questionnaire circulated by the Defense Commission and the Research Division of the National Education Association. The results of this survey have been compiled into a 32-page bulletin entitled "*More—than Tolerance: Suggestions to teachers on intergroup education.*" The publication is of more than passing interest because it represents a formal attempt on the part of the NEA to move its vast membership a step or two in the direction of intergroup education.

In attempting to work in the field of intergroup relations, the NEA has often been made painfully aware of the difference in point of view of its members. Frequently these differences have reflected sectional attitudes, particularly on "controversial" matters like race. To its credit, the NEA has taken a clear position formally and in principle. Its yearbook, *Americans All*, published by its Department of Supervisors and Directors of Instruction in 1942, is still a kind of standby in the field, and will continue to be for some time.

On July 6, 1944, there was a meeting of the NEA Representative Assembly in Pittsburgh, at which the following resolution was adopted: "The National Education Association believes that teachers and educational institutions of this country have a heavy responsibility for educating the youth to understand the achievements and problems of all groups, and an obligation to develop a determination to remove the causes of group conflicts." At the same meeting, the Defense Commission reported that in its

opinion, "the best way to control disharmony in this country" is through a broad program of intergroup education. Said the report: "Public schools have a distinct obligation, and a failure to discharge this obligation will pave the way for grave national conflicts in the future."

The Defense Commission felt it could make a helpful contribution by investigating intergroup practices in various school systems throughout the country, and then presenting these practices as guides for school administrators and teachers. The bulletin, "*More—than Tolerance,*" is intended as just such a guide. It is based on a sampling survey sent to 1,474 city superintendents of schools—all the city-school systems above 30,000 population, plus over 1,100 cities with populations between 2,500 and 30,000. There were 376 replies, 349 reporting active programs. Virtually all the superintendents agreed that the public schools should "deliberately and systematically build attitudes and understandings necessary to improve racial and group tolerance." Only three replies indicated "definite disapproval" of school efforts in the field.

The bulletin takes the position that every community (and every school) should and must give attention to the improvement of human relationships. "Where there are many different groups there are more chances for friction, but there are also more opportunities to know and like other groups. If a given society is homogeneous, no outward evidence of intolerance may appear, yet it may be just below the surface. The school has here the difficult job of trying to remove or prevent prejudices where people have

no chance to know and like the groups against which they are prejudiced."

These points may seem a bit obvious. They are. But we have met more principals and administrators than we wished, who belong to the "We have no problems in our school" club. The club has two kinds of membership—common and preferred. Common—also known as Type 1 or Melting Pot—says: "Why, we have no problems in our school. You see, we have such a heterogeneous school population—all races, creeds, nationalities—just a nation of nations, you might say. When you throw kids together that way, that's all the intergroup education you need." And then one fine day, there is an after-school fight or some nasty writing on the wall or a school strike—but then it's a bit late. The preferred type of administrator—also known as "We have only a fine class of youngster here"—says: "It would be silly for us to start studying about Negroes or Italians or Jews. We'd be going out of our way to look for trouble. You see, our school is homogeneous, and there really isn't any good reason for the youngsters to learn about people they'll never have anything much to do with. Why—heh-heh—they might as well learn about the Hottentots, don't you know."

Hence the need to emphasize educational principles which ought to be self-evident.

The bulletin goes on to describe briefly some of the practices here and there in the country. Rock Island, Illinois, had a Negro boy as senior class president in the high school, and more recently another Negro lad as president of the senate in the Central Junior High School. Hornell, New York, has been promoting interesting club activities with youngsters of various nationality origins. South Bend, Indiana, has set up a long-range and extensive program of in-service training for

teachers. And so it goes, the list getting longer all the time, the names rolling forth sonorously like a passage from Stephen Vincent Benét—New Castle, Pennsylvania; Milwaukee; Delano, California; San Diego, California; East Liverpool, Ohio (16mm. projectors placed by PTA's in all elementary schools); Jeanette, Pennsylvania (single band composed of public and parochial high school students); Highland Park, Michigan; Paul's Valley, Oklahoma; Salem, Oregon; Plymouth, Massachusetts (rumor clinics); Johnson City, New York; Abington, Massachusetts; Elkhart, Indiana (using Florence Fitch's *One God*); Bridgeton, New Jersey; Claremont, California (three-hour adult education classes for Anglos and Spanish Americans). Somewhat more detailed treatment is given to Springfield, Massachusetts; South Bend, Indiana; Atlanta, Georgia ("study of national and religious groups"—see our comment on this approach in last issue of CG); Providence; New York; Detroit; Pittsburgh.

All in all, the bulletin should prove of value to the people for whom it is intended. It is not sufficiently detailed or critical, but clearly the editors did not wish to be detailed or critical. However, with a title like "More—than Tolerance," the NEA—and everyone else, for that matter—ought to bury the word tolerance permanently and unmistakably; it creeps into the bulletin about a half-dozen times.

But the conclusions of the pamphlet (which come at the end of the first section) are quite sound and make very good sense: that the problem of intergroup relations "is not new to America"; that the approach to the problem "must be primarily thru educational methods" which begin "early both at home and in the school"; that such education is "more than a matter of courses and curriculums" and must also include "opportunities to practice group living in a favorable en-

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vironment"; that the "building of group understanding must begin at and be adapted to the community level"; finally, that the best approach for teachers is through "community discussion, experimentation, acceptance, and action."

The students of social studies of Christopher Columbus High School, New York City (John M. Loughran, Principal; Oscar Dombrow, Chairman; Mrs. Esther Linder, Faculty Adviser) have just published a little magazine, *One World*. It has the appealing attractiveness that one often finds in youngsters, and in the things they dream up. Dedicated to Wendell Willkie, the pamphlet is edited by students, for students.

Leafing through, we find short stories about Chinese and others, reports of an interview with a Negro judge, poetry, facts about fictions concerning the Jew, letters, reviews, etc.—oh, yes, and cartoons—an excellent publication for breaking the ice of intergroup relations, particularly if the youngsters and teachers read it and discuss it uninhibitedly, and do something about it.

We are requested from time to time to describe PTA programs which deal with intergroup relations. Here is one which has a rather interesting indirect approach. It was used during the school year 1945-46 at the Laclede School in St. Louis, and, according to Fred S. Milam, Principal, it evoked a good deal of enthusiasm.

The program consisted of nine lectures, all based on the pamphlet, *Education for a Free Society* (Hood College, Frederick, Maryland, June, 1944), as well as on selected articles from the *National Elementary Principal*. The lectures concerned themselves with the following themes: (1) Education Develops Free

Men and Women (Living Democratically at School, the School of the Future); (2) Everyone Should Be Educated; (3) Opportunities for Advanced and Adult Education Should Be Ample and Justly Distributed; (4) Modern Tools of Communication Should Be Fully and Freely Used for Popular Enlightenment (Education for a Free Society); (5) There Should Be Complete Freedom to Learn (Developing the Concept of Democracy); (6) Education Should Enrich Human Personality; (7) Education Should Develop Economic Competence (Education for International Security); (8) Education Is Concerned with the Development of Character (the Schools and Juvenile Delinquency); (9) Education Should Develop Civic Responsibility and International Understanding.

As always, the most important matter is not the topics alone, but just what is done with the topics. They can be an effective instrument for promoting intergroup understanding. To take one instance, Lecture 2 could be explicitly related to FEPC and the critical need for a Full Education bill which would give to people everywhere the kind of education they need and deserve, without regard to race, creed, sectional origin, or socio-economic position. Or take Lecture 6—the enrichment of human personality can be just a lot of verbiage, or it can cut deep into the roots of human relations in modern society. What is of enduring importance in these intergroup programs and institutes and conferences is not so much what is planned on paper, or even what is said on the platform, but what is done during and after the event.

We have always liked this of Goethe's: In the beginning was—not the word—not the thought—not the power. "In the Beginning was—the Act."

• The Bookshelf •

CONDUCTED BY HENRY C. TRACY

STUDIES IN AMERICAN LIFE

MIDWEST AT NOON. By Graham Hutton. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 351 pp. \$3.50

There have been certain prejudices about the Midwest. Aware of this, the author remarks in his foreword, "The longer I lived there, the more I became convinced that the Midwest and its people were largely unknown, widely misinterpreted, and greatly misunderstood." Those who spread these misconceptions were other Americans. The writer of this admirable study is an Englishman. Far from being a handicap, that fact has proved a singular advantage in the making of a fair appraisal. He found prevalent a deep distrust of the British, a suspicion of their policies, and a dislike for their empire. Yet he could say that in many thousand miles of travel in and about that area he "never met with anything but kindness, helpfulness, and a generosity beyond the bounds of imagination"; and that in many homes where he was lodged as a stranger he left as a friend. That provides one key to Midwest character: a thing of contrasts, of opposites nicely contained in one package. Other keys are many, and no one could be more alert to them than an intelligent Britisher who really wants to know our people, has no airs about him but an engaging personality, and can make friends with businessmen, mechanics, Mexican Americans, newspapermen, Negroes, cops, sheriffs, farmers, lawyers, welders, and "very many children." They do the talking. Graham Hutton listens. But he does far more than that: he studies the country, the history of

settlement, growth, expansion, economic and political changes; especially in the period since it started development as a region, after 1850, with the non-Anglo-Saxon immigration that followed, with a more perfect blending of intercultural differences and a more complete acceptance of folk of varied national origins than elsewhere. This blending of many strains, along with insistence on a valuation of the individual as he is, regardless of who were his parents, makes one feel that the Midwest is, after all, and deserves to be, the most representative region of America.

Race & Nation in the United States, a lecture by E. A. Benians to Cambridge students (Cambridge University Press. Macmillan, distributor in U.S. 75¢), proves that this basic test of values—individual merit—plus tolerance for differences, which Hutton found operative in the Midwest, is accepted by the world as the American ideal and the foundation of our nationhood. The Master of St. John's College traces the development of this concept—a blend of political with social sagacity—from Colonial times to the present. In terse and striking paragraphs he outlines the rise of a new order of government and of society in the New World, contrasting it with developments in other lands colonized from Europe. He finds the secret of a national unity in the presence of diversity—that surprised the world at war—in an ideal that possessed those of all national backgrounds who, being here, wished to be Americans rather than what they were before they came. A concise and penetrat-

ing study in 48 pages, worth any man's time.

Tomorrow Without Fear, by Chester Bowles (Simon and Schuster. Paper, \$1; cloth, \$2.50), is an account of the manner in which economic difficulties have endangered the national unity which our political and social faith promoted, and gives a clear outline of how these difficulties may be solved. Lively, non-technical reading, it brings home to everyday citizens the part they may play in clearing up the log-jams that obstruct the even flow of national wealth.

Work for All, by Michael Young and Theodor Prager, written from the British angle and published in London, is reprinted in this country (Duell, Sloan and Pearce. \$2.50) for its bearing on United States' problems and interrelation of these with those of the British people. Lavishly illustrated.

Ernest Poole's thirty-five years of fruitful living in *The Great White Hills of New Hampshire* (Doubleday. \$3) yield the material for his book of that name. He built for winter as well as summer; endured both with equal zest; lived for seasonal and scenic changes and activities; for friendships, folkways, and folk tales, and all those little details and personal idiosyncrasies that make up a day or a year in the life of a White Hills dweller. The dominant individualism that grows out of this kind of living forms one of the

tough-fibered strains that have gone into the making of America.

From our own time and the near yesterdays, it may seem a far call to Frank C. Hibben's *The Lost Americans* (Crowell. \$2.50), but it is a refreshing trip he takes us on as guide and anthropologist along back trails through ten thousand years of geological time to Folsom man and then twenty thousand more to the Sandia Cave man, whose ancient shelter was first found by one of Hibben's own students and excavated through millennial deposits of dust and cave-drip formations of limestone to cave-floor where this first American left the bones of extinct species of horse, bison, and camel, along with those of the woolly mammoth, and bits of charcoal from his cooking fires where he had roasted the flesh and warmed himself to allay the chill of a glacial climate. These men were immigrants too, like all of us. Their trail goes back to farthest north in Alaska where the crossing was surely made over ice, from Siberia. Our guide is expert in the lore of his science. More, he has what not all experts possess, an enthusiasm that's contagious and the gift of making his scenes so vivid that we see with a thrill these hardy immigrants hunting the great beasts that fed on the lush meadows bordering the retreating ice sheet and drank from the lakes that dotted plains and plateaus now desert.

ALL KINDS OF AMERICANS

All kinds of Americans are reading *The Autobiography of William Allen White* (Macmillan. \$3.75). The reason for this is that he was very nearly all kinds himself; not only that, but he was expressive

in all the ways a man may have for expressing himself. He was the plain, everyday American become articulate, a spokesman for millions who couldn't speak or were afraid to. Physically a

coward by his own confession, morally and politically he feared no man. He was interested in everybody and everything alive. This is his own story of four life-periods told in as many books, with only a last chapter by his son, W. L. White, to round out the tale to its finish. The son says aptly of his father's writing that its value lay, often, "not in its permanence but in his saying aloud, in earthy phrases and with the terrifying frankness of a child, what many thought but few dared whisper."

Malcolm W. Bingay names his book *Detroit Is My Own Home Town* (Bobbs-Merrill. \$3.75), but what you'll find there is persons, all kinds of them, from among whom he has chosen for his collection of portraits the most amazing lot we may hope to find gathered in one town or one biographical sketchbook. They include some the world knows about—Ford, Sloan, Knudsen, Chrysler, the Fisher brothers, and others of the set whose initiative and drive made Detroit a synonym for the age of automobiles—with elbow room for priests, missionaries, baseball men, aviators, eccentrics, and a poet of sorts for good measure. All this is factual reporting in good newspaper style, part of it done in the manner of Bingay's creation, "Iffy the Dopester," therefore in satirical humor. In the newspaper game since he was 12, and in Detroit ever since, Author Bingay knows his stuff and serves it hot and fast in keeping with the town's reputation. He finds time also to pay tribute to the qualities of people of many racial and national backgrounds who have been drawn to Detroit by industry, sport, the arts, and science.

For older heads, Josephus Daniels' book on *The Wilson Era, Years of War and After, 1917-1923* (Chapel Hill. \$4) will mean a chance to hear the inside story of those years, told by one who, not

only because he was Secretary of our Navy during the period but because he had the intuitive sense to do so, understood what went on behind the scenes. Younger minds, less keen about past intrigues and mistaken judgments, will be held by the story of action—our Navy versus the U-boats—and of grand strategy in a drama greater than many of us realized or remembered. Here it comes vividly to life, with a freshness and tang that only a participant's account of it could give.

Era Bell Thompson's *American Daughter* (Chicago University Press. \$3) is first an account of her family and their migrations ending in North Dakota, where the six of them constituted about 2 per cent of the Negro population of the state. From there on, it is an account of herself and her experiences in sorting out a life from the samples offered her on the bargain counter of a white world. There is a warm and exciting human quality about the telling—the same quality, we may be sure, that made scores of friends among Scandinavian, German, English, Irish, Yankee, and Jewish neighbors and broke all but the glacier-thick barriers of hereditary race prejudice. All kinds of people meet here and, along with Era Bell Thompson's explosive family, are made into a book that can be funny and impishly frank as well as thoughtfully observant. Miss Thompson writes of all kinds of Americans, none of whom she hates, most of whom she believes in. For the close student of race relations, the last section of the book is somewhat disappointing, since Miss Thompson's first large-scale encounter with Jim Crow and the Negro ghetto in Chicago is subjected to little analysis but glossed over very swiftly.

John Linehan, forty of whose years have been spent in America, is a natural raconteur. Aware of that, Beatrice Bill

Talbot took down the story of his old-country boyhood in his own words, with the tang and flavor of old Ireland in them. *And That's No Lie* is the result (Houghton Mifflin. \$2). Here you'll find more than a glimpse of life among the cottagers of Roscommon County and their relations with the big landowners—proof of the qualities, native, not schoolbred, they had and brought with them as welcome gifts to America.

In Shirley Graham's *Paul Robeson*,

Citizen of the World (Julian Messner. \$2.50), the stress is on liberation of mind and spirit for fulfillment of a destined role. Miss Graham shows Robeson throwing the full power of his person into successive roles as athlete, singer, and actor. Moved by a deep belief in that integrity of the human spirit that knows no racial barriers between man and man, he leans against them—and they break. The spirit of man can be stronger than the fences of stupidity.

OF THE BEST A NATION STRIVES FOR

In her preface to *The Jew in American Life* (Julian Messner. \$1.25), Eleanor Roosevelt finds value in "recognition of the best which a nation strives for" and identifies that best, as recorded in our great documents, with a pledge that we will give all persons their due, as individuals, regardless of background, race, or religion. This presentation, prepared by James Waterman Wise and sponsored by the Council Against Intolerance in America, is the second of a series. The first, *The Negro in American Life*, was issued in 1944. Both are designed to stir us all in the effort to redeem our greatest national pledge—one that many Americans, either wilfully or thoughtlessly, dishonor. Save for preface and foreword, this book is a collection of pictures with brief running comment, showing that Jews are, and always have been, an integral part of American life, sharing alike the lowliest and the highest or the most creative activities, with a distinguished record in military and naval service as well as in civic life.

An Enemy of the People: Antisemitism, by James Parkes, is an original "Pelican

Book" (Penguin Books. 25¢) and a classic in its field. Parkes, a much traveled student of politics and reconstruction, first wrote on the Jewish question in 1930 (*The Jew and His Neighbor*). Books and articles that followed so enraged the Nazis that they tried to murder him in 1935. The outstanding merit of his present work is that it makes crystal clear the distinction between the causes of world trouble and the causes of anti-Semitism; between the reasons why Jews are sometimes involved in social or economic problems (as we all are) and the reasons why they have been singled out as the sole cause of such problems. This is the fairest, most incisive survey of the subject in brief form we have ever read.

Mark Vishniak's *An International Convention Against Antisemitism* (Research Institute of the Jewish Labor Committee. \$2.50) covers in part the same ground as Parkes' book, but differs in that it advocates a specific remedy for the evil of anti-Semitism, a spiritual poison comparable to opium, illicit traffic in which was outlawed by international convention. Vishniak, who is a doctor of laws, can and

does answer arguments to the effect that to restrain expression of race hate would be to destroy the right of free speech. To restrain criticism of specific acts or policies would indeed be to infringe that right. But to slander and defame any minority group in order to injure that group or to gain some advantage by attacking it is another matter. While his handling of the legal aspects of the case is outstanding, this author rises to a high moral level when he writes: "Honor and good name are elements which cannot be removed from social life. . . . Honor and dignity seek both intra-state and international recognition for the good of the individual and the group." He calls for an international conference against defamation of minority groups—all groups—noting that the Jews are the most "international" part of mankind.

Hyman B. Grinstein's *The Rise of the Jewish Community of New York, 1654-1860* (Jewish Publication Society of America. \$3), gives us the story of community life and organizations from the date of the arrival in New Amsterdam of 23 Sephardim, refugees from a South American settlement, to the Civil War period. Dr. Grinstein is a scrupulous and impartial historian. He gives an unbiased account of both sides of every controversy during the formative period within the group, and explains the divisive influences—there were many—that made ideal unity impossible to achieve. He stresses, too, the individualism natural to all Jews and the democratic interpretation of it which they easily accepted, regardless of differences among themselves. Interest in Palestinian relief, we read, was the foundation on which Zionism was reared; its first proponent was Mordecai Noah, who in 1837 urged the purchase of Palestine for the Jews and later wrote his *Discourse on the Restoration of the Jews*.

Frank Gervasi's brilliant inquiry, *To*

Whom Palestine? (Appleton-Century. \$2.50), shows that nationalism, a force for Zionism in its first urge, is still a potent factor, but by no means the greatest. This famous correspondent brings an array of facts and figures to give overwhelming evidence that Palestine has the resources—agricultural, mineral, power-producing—to support the population projected for it; and the demonstrated skill and initiative to develop these resources, with a good margin for export. He finds foreign commercial (or imperial) interests the chief obstacle to the realization of Palestine as a homeland for the Jews, for they alone stand to lose by this enterprise, while the whole world will indubitably gain.

While the Jews who are in Palestine strive to achieve for their people the best a nation strives for, we find similar ferment gestating in sections of our country. In A. G. Mezerik's *Revolt of the South and West* (Duell, Sloan and Pearce. \$3), proof is presented that for decades powerful interests have controlled mining, industry, and commerce in large areas of the United States in such fashion as to draw off most of the natural wealth and absorb the profits of labor to an extent that impoverishes whole states. The idea is not new, but many of the facts are, to most of us—as that 30 corporations have assets worth more than the entire assessed value of property in each of 14 such dependent states. Other factors are also contributory to the deplorable truth that 13 of these states have the lowest standard of living in our country. This Mezerik admits, citing among the factors cotton, Negro wages, and southern Quislings in Congress who sell out the South. But in the mountain states of the West these factors do not exist. Thus the economic control of Montana, if not the political, is in eastern corporate hands. This is what the revolt is about. Its leaders

include many men of spirit—editors, a governor or two, several Senators, besides notable authors and educators, along with

numerous ministers, social workers, labor and farm leaders, students, and (in growing measure) the people themselves.

OUTSTANDING NEW FICTION

Edward McSorley's *Our Own Kind* (Harper. \$2.50) bears the marks of a book written by a man possessed of his theme and under compulsion to write this story. Two driving motives are behind the writing: one, to portray Irish Americans of the humbler sort, as he knows them, in family and community, exactly as they are—faults and virtues, faiths and prejudices; the other, to reveal an integrity and an undeviating devotion in one of them, on whose character the whole story turns. Old Ned McDermott, foundry worker, unlettered, and utterly unacquainted with the refinements of social life, has an undying determination to see Willie, his orphaned grandson (whose sole support he is), gain all the advantages he has missed. He does see him started on the road to scholarship, but the final issue is left undetermined in this novel, the author's first. We may assume that a second fiction, on which he is working, will tell us more of the fortunes of Willie McDermott and others met with in *Our Own Kind*.

Howard Fast's *The American* (Duell, Sloan and Pearce. \$3) is the fictionized story of John Peter Altgeld. Based on verifiable facts, it reveals the change which took place in the character of Governor Altgeld of Illinois at the peak of his career when he pardoned three survivors of the Haymarket trial that sent four innocent men to their death. A "mercy pardon" would have left his political position unimpaired. He chose rather to

condemn the trial itself and expose it as a deliberate fraud. By this decision he forfeited his career, wealth, social position. They broke him: those who had the power and whose corrupt fabric he had attacked. The story of it is superbly well told, from the prologue—Altgeld, son of immigrant German peasants, a farm boy, crude and ignorant but with a drive that brooked no obstacle—to the heroic end.

In *Trumpet to the World*, his first novel (Reynal & Hitchcock. \$2.50), Mark Harris records in terms of fiction his concern for the fantastic injustice of which the Negro in America is a victim. This concern he had always felt. What he saw in the Army made it imperative that he speak out. He portrays a Negro youth, born in the South, in nameless degradation, who rises to real distinction yet is denied peace, security, justice, even in the Army where he loyally serves.

William Saroyan's characters are not heroes—unless by accident; they are common people in whom much good can always be found. Those you meet in *The Adventures of Wesley Jackson* (Harcourt, Brace. \$2.75) are no exception. Most of them, privates or non-coms in the Army, are what they are, and content to be. Wesley is trying to figure things out. Why is he in this war and what does he think of it? What has he to live for if he gets out alive? The story, the manner, and the content are all pure Saroyan, which should tell the reader enough.

Gertrude Stein treats the same theme—but in her own unmistakable manner—in *Brewsie and Willie* (Random House. \$2). You hear voices, GI's talking, talking about home and jobs and industry and isolation, the things they have been thinking about, along with what Gertrude Stein is thinking. She listened to them in flocks in her Paris apartment and in camps where she visited them.

We are glad to report here the first appearance in English of a translation from the Yiddish of selected stories by Sholom Aleichem (a pen name), whose work has been read by millions in the original and in Russian and German translation. Appearing as *The Old Country*, translated by Julius and Frances Butwin (Crown. \$3), this rendering was fated, done on the happy impulse to share with others a loved literature as comprehensive for a Ukrainian folk background as was Mark Twain's for Missouri, and of like quality.

American Legend (Appleton-Century. \$3.75) is "A Treasury of Our Country's Yesterdays." Robert and Dorothy van Gelder, who collected these stories and selections from novels, say in their Foreword that they had enjoyed a recent tour because their minds were well-stocked with impressions and people out of the past. They have tried, accordingly, to choose writings that will "take readers into the living company of people of another time, another place . . . and for a dip into that well of assurance, the past." A rich collection has resulted.

For straight fiction of sterling quality we name the following: *Two Rivers Meet in Concord* by T. Morris Longstreth (Westminster. \$2.50) and *A Mighty Fortress* by LeGrand Cannon, Jr. (Holt. \$2.75). Mr. Longstreth, a resident of Concord, has chosen that abode of peace and high thinking as a setting for a romance in the time of Thoreau and

Emerson, both of whom are involved in the issues of slavery and the underground that split even Concord into factions and trouble the fortunes of hero and heroine. An engaging idyl, written with much charm. *A Mighty Fortress* was really Mr. Cannon's first book, which he left a business career to write; but, published early in the depression, when few bought books (and fewer would try an unknown author), the novel went unnoticed. It therefore appears now as a reprint, after later books have made the author's fame secure, and more than justifies the move. The story of a farm-bred youth who becomes an assistant pastor in Boston, slated for a full pastorate but broken in his career because of Abolitionist sympathies, it is told with live characterization, uncommon sanity, penetration, and humor.

Robert Bright's *The Intruders* (Doubleday. \$2.50) is a baffling thing to review, not at all like his *Life and Death of Little Jo*, which was a blend of humor and compassion. This new work is humorless dissection of minds disordered by prejudice. Paradoxically, the analysis of these minds and motives is made by a doctor—refugee from Czechoslovakia—who is himself a victim of race hate and in the end gives that hate criminal indulgence in his own person. His analysis of that evil and of its results in the mind-life has clarity beyond anything we recall in fiction, but it acquires, as it moves toward a final tragedy, a satanic quality, the power to see the hatefulness of the crime and its stupidity, then commit it. For those who are interested in psychiatry the tale has great fascination. Others may find it painful and unsettling.

A juvenile, *Bright April* by Marguerite de Angeli (Doubleday. \$2.50), stands out not only for the humanly exciting (for ten-year-olds) story detail, but for illustrations by the author in which persons come alive. The story is about April,

who is "just the color of coffee with good cream in it," her friends and family in Germantown, a suburb of Philadelphia.

In the course of it, April learns that her color does matter to some folks but is helped to meet that situation.

APPLIED SEMANTICS AND CIVIC EDUCATION

Until they read Wendell Johnson's *People in Quandaries* (Harper. \$3.75), few of those touched by the wave of interest in applied semantics now sweeping the country will have realized the intimate personal importance and the appalling public necessity for the right use of words. It will be new to many that they can achieve a scientific use of language and by it better their everyday relations, resolve inner conflicts, increase their efficiency; and that the spread of such mental correctives can end hate, prejudice, and their malignant consequences. But, we are reminded, this means the re-education of those who listen as well as those who speak. While there are fair-skinned people who are deaf when a dark-skinned person speaks, there will continue to be a Negro-white problem. "In a peculiarly basic sense, democracy consists in listening without semantic blockages." With anecdote and illustration, and in a manner lively enough to hold interest, yet crediting his reader with intelligence enough to follow an abstract discussion where necessary, Dr. Johnson has a manual unexcelled for the use of student, teacher, leader, and for all who must deal with maladjusted persons; but most of all for the alert citizen who has seen semantic error plunge us into World War II and hears talk that tends to bring on a worse catastrophe.

Charles Morris in *Signs, Language and Behavior* (Prentice-Hall. \$5) has broadened the field to include all the means of

communication and has done pioneer work in classifying the forms of discourse and developing a vocabulary for handling language problems. He uses *semiotic* as a comprehensive name for a science that interprets both language and non-verbal signs in terms of behavior, making semantics a subdivision of that science. Dr. Morris writes for advanced students in this field of research but does not neglect its social implications; warns that "development of the radio, the printing press and the movies makes possible an enormous extension of influence not essentially different in kind from hypnosis."

The foregoing point up a need for reforms in public education. In his *For Us the Living, An Approach to Civic Education* (Harper. \$3), John J. Mahoney makes it clear that the bedrock of our lower school system should be, and is not, education for citizenship. In twelve incisive chapters he outlines the position and the causes of failure to build on that foundation. In a concluding section, he defines ten civic goals that must be striven for if schools are to mean preparation for understanding the democratic way, appreciating its rights and privileges, making it effective politically, economically, and socially. One of these is "intergroup understanding, respect and goodwill," involving for its attainment "teachers more knowledgeable about the causes of prejudice." His closing chapter suggests school procedures for promoting these ten objectives.

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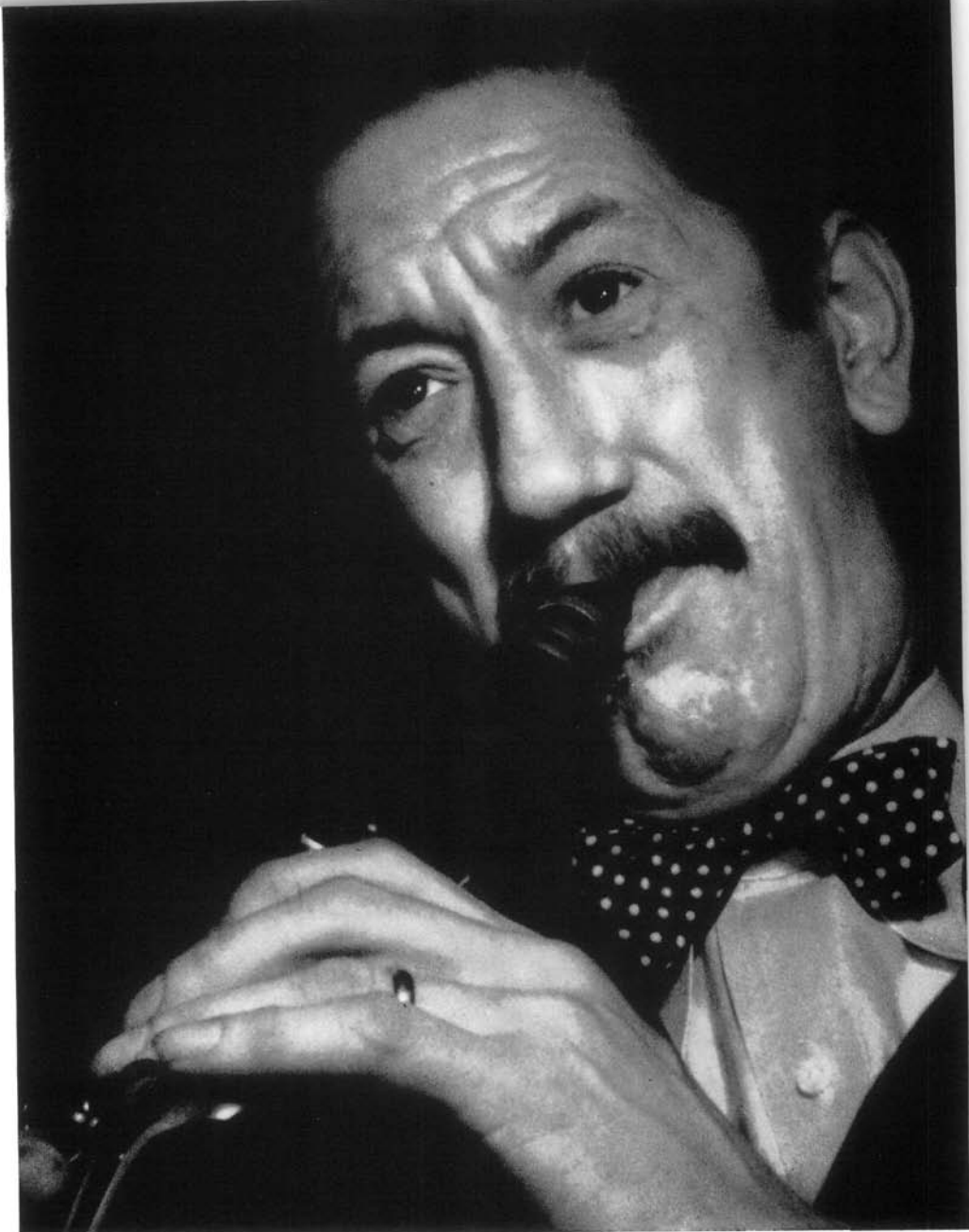
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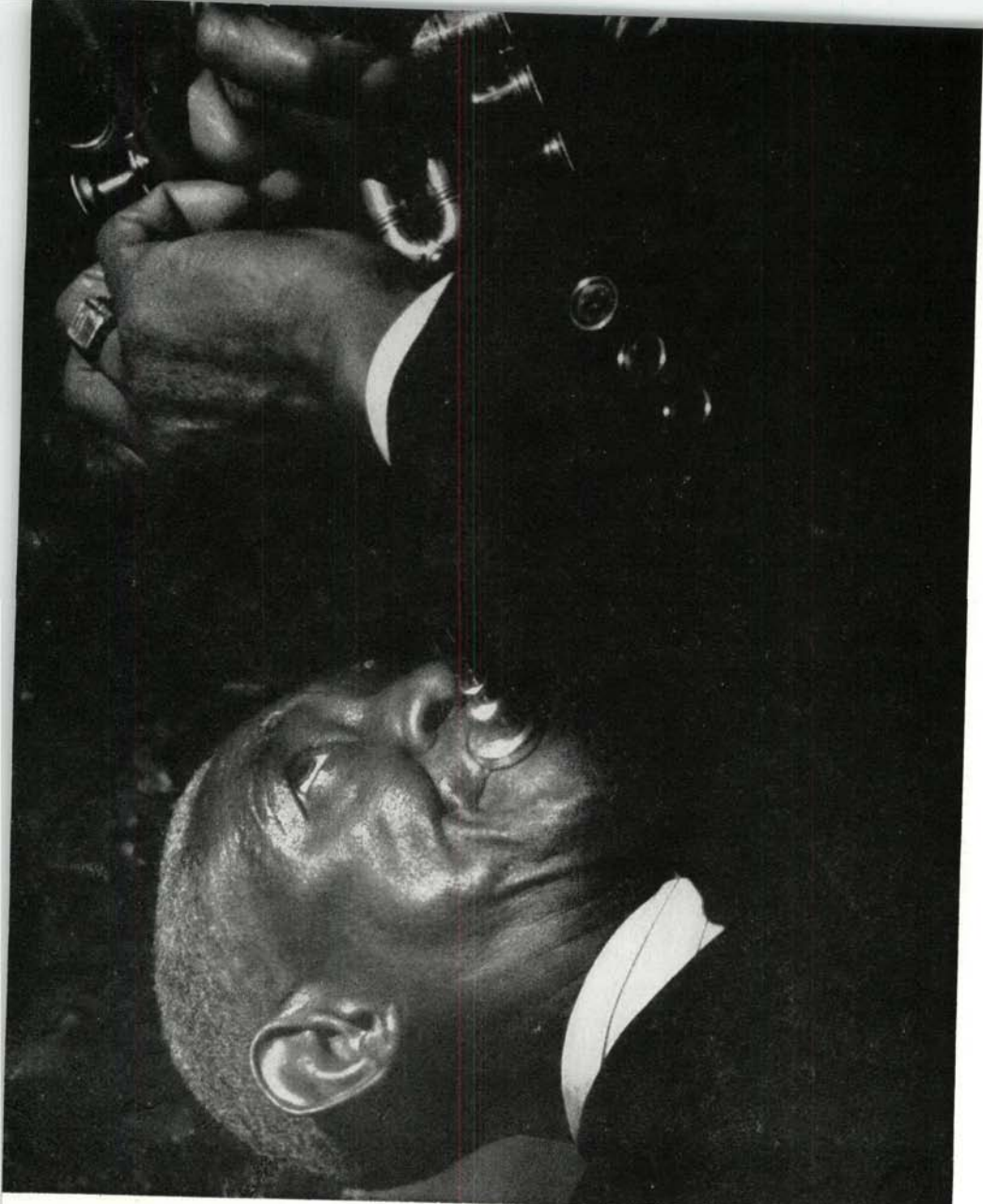
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